

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1841.

REVIEWS

Madeira Illustrated. By Andrew Picken. With a Description of the Island; Edited by Dr. James Macaulay, M.A. Day & Haghe.

THE number of pale and pining adventurers whom the reputation of this beautiful and salubrious island has so long beckoned across the waters, will not be diminished by the publication of this handsome and interesting volume. To seek a gift from the goddess whose favoured haunt it is said to be, a son of Mr. Andrew Picken, well known to the readers of modern fiction, some time since abandoned his professional home; and has repaid the bounty, as we will hope, of a favorable oracle, by a series of sketches of the magnificent natural temple in which it was delivered, likely to tempt many a pilgrim to this sea-girt shrine. Reared like a giant fortress, in the solitude of the tropic waters—presenting to the Atlantic buttresses of naked cliff, which are amongst the loftiest and boldest in the world, and to the sky pinnacles, seen far above the zone of clouds that rests upon the mountains, and looking like sublime outworks on the road to heaven, by this separation from their base—exhibiting, between these extremes, platform upon platform of pine-crowned mountain, that inclose scenes of such wild beauty as might belong to Prospero's enchanted isle—valleys filled by streams that pour freshness from their urns, and breezes that carry healing on their wings,—Madeira has long had a character of privilege and exemption to the imagination—conveying the image of an island "set" by Nature "in the silver sea," with the charters of "a city of refuge"—which these sketches, with their stupendous scenery, will do nothing to belie. The sudden transition from our cloudy clime and chilling airs to its tropical marvels and natural inspirations, in a space of time little greater than "is rounded by a" feverish "sleep" is, itself, calculated to strike upon the sick heart of the sufferer like an omen of physical regeneration, and may, doubtless, be one of the moral influences producing what it promises. "I do not know," says Captain Marryat, "a spot on the globe which so much astonishes and delights, upon first arrival, as the island of Madeira. The voyager embarks, and is, in all probability, confined to his cabin, suffering under the dreadful prostration of sea-sickness. Perhaps he has left England in the gloomy close of the autumn, or the frigid concentration of an English winter. In a week he again views that terra firma which he had quitted with regret,—and which, in his sufferings, he would have given half that he possessed to regain. When he lands upon the island, what a change! Winter has become summer; the naked trees which he left are exchanged for the most luxuriant and verdant foliage—snow and frost for warmth and splendour—the scenery of the temperate zone for the profusion and magnificence of the tropics. A bright blue sky, a glowing sun, hills covered with vines, a deep blue sea, a picturesque and novel costume—all meet and delight the eye, just at the precise moment when, to have been landed even upon a barren island would have been considered a luxury."

The first of these Illustrations, eight in number (a vignette title-page, representing the town of Machico, forming a ninth), sketched from nature, and afterwards drawn on stone, by Mr. Picken,—presents us with a view of Funchal, as seen from the Bay, with its surf-girdle in front, and its fairy background of vineyard and hill. It would be difficult to exceed the boldness of sketching and softness of tone, the combination of effective and spirited outline, with delicate

aërial perspective, in the treatment of this subject. The heart's dream of Madeira is in no degree broken on this first introduction to the visible genius of the place, in one of his most stirring, and least ideal, scenes. We can do no better than illustrate the general features of Madeira scenery, and the peculiarities of some of its local aspects, by an occasional quotation from the descriptive letter-press which accompanies these prints,—devoted to those objects, and to an account of the manners, customs, and forms of society, in the island.

The first appearance of Funchal, from a distance, says the Editor, is peculiar. There is none of the smoke or thick atmosphere of a large city impending over it. The houses are all of a brilliant whiteness, rendered more marked by the contrast with the dark soil and the rugged ravines behind. The city is built round the bay, many of the houses are close to the water's edge:—

"The bay is surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains, which rise nearly 4000 feet behind the city; the higher regions clothed in parts with forests of pine and other European trees, while the lower slopes are terraced into vineyards and garden ground. Deep-cleft ravines here and there intersect these mountains, their sides starting up into bold overhanging precipices; while, in their gloomy depths, mountain streams, descending from the centre of the island, find an outlet through the town to the sea. After rains, these streams roll with tremendous force down the steep descent; but in passing through the town, they are now prevented from doing mischief, by being made to flow in channels built with walls of the strongest masonry. The hill-sides are studded with beautiful quintas or villas; these, with the white pillars on which the trellis-work of the vineyards is supported, smile brightly out from amidst the luxuriant verdure by which they are surrounded. * *

"As soon as the stranger gets on shore, the scene is sufficiently novel and exciting. The beach is crowded with boats, boatmen, oxen, sledges, mules, wine-casks, bales of goods, and a mass of other objects, animate and inanimate, through which he has to wend his way to the Custom-house. After getting through the forms of this establishment, (which, we are glad to acknowledge, is conducted with order, strangers being treated with politeness and attention,) we pass the Portuguese sentry at the gate, and are in the streets of Funchal. The strange costume of the natives,—the narrow streets, paved with small round stones from the beach,—the absence of all wheeled-carriages,—the sledges drawn by oxen in which goods are conveyed,—the small number of shops,—the absence of windows in most of these, the goods being ranged at the wide door-way,—the peculiar aspect of the houses, the ground-floor of which, being laid out in store-rooms, has the windows iron-barred and without glass, while a balcony projects from the second floor,—a passing palanquin or hammock,—the burros or horse-boys, with their island ponies for hire,—palm trees, and bananas, and other strange trees appearing over the garden-walls of the houses,—the black caps and gowns of the clergy,—the white jackets, straw hats, and white boots of the merchants,—the sonorous jingling of the bells of the oxen-carts and the horrid cry of the drivers,—these and many other novel sights and sounds amuse and occupy the traveller as he walks from the Custom-house to his destined place of habitation."

The amusements of Funchal—the resources for killing time which it offers to the unintellectual, to whom the *genius loci* is no companion—seem to be pretty much after the pattern of those dull devices which that class of persons have stereotyped for themselves in the small continental towns of Europe, wherein they are accustomed to congregate. But the true mode of enjoying a residence in the capital of Madeira, is that of which these pages furnish the record,—and the spirit of which may be considered as expressed in the following passage:—

"Of all the amusements and enjoyments of a residence in Funchal, the excursions into the country

are the most intensely agreeable, and least likely to be forgotten by the stranger. In every direction, and at every distance, are the most delightful scenes for such expeditions. In addition to the surpassing grandeur and beauty of the scenery, the pleasure is heightened by the brilliancy of the atmosphere and the constancy of the climate. Any interruption from the vicissitudes of the weather is here scarcely to be considered, and the appointed time may be looked forward to with little chance of disappointment. Besides those who travel in hammocks, frequently these parties are composed of from twenty to thirty equestrians, accompanied by an equal number of burros, who bear the baskets of provisions and other requisites, if the excursion be a long one. Those whose ideas of 'a picnic' are associated with bount on the water, or crowded carriages rolling along a highroad to the scene of action, with all the commonplace accompaniments generally attending a country excursion in England, and where sudden change of weather, and discomfort and disappointment of all sorts, are apt to mar the prospect or the enjoyment of such parties, can form no conception of the delights of 'a Madeira picnic.' In the first place, the scenery is probably the first in sublimity, and perhaps in beauty too, in all the world. Then the climate is proverbially and verily the finest on the earth. There are of course seasons of comparative good and bad weather, but the times of each recur with great regularity. During the fine seasons, Nature is almost always wreathed in smiles, and gorgeousness is her every-day apparel. * * Nor is the pleasure arising from the vicissitude of the seasons absent. Merely by ascending the mountains the utmost variety of temperature can be experienced, and in a few hours one can ascend from summer, through spring or autumn, to sternest winter, on the snow-capped summits of the mountains. It is to the eye that in our own climate the vicissitudes of the seasons bring most delight; for who, in respect to spring for instance, would not prefer to witness the bursting forth of fresh verdure, and all the delightful changes by which the awakening earth starts into new life and gladness, without the luxury being checked by the chilling sensations and all the ungenial accompaniments of that season in England? Here, however, those who choose not to go out of their sheltered retreat on the shores of the Bay of Funchal, may look up from unfading tropical vegetation, and from a climate of most genial warmth, and behold the shooting of new foliage, the renovation of verdure, and all the appearances of spring, upon the heights above the city. And so, in the declining months of the year, while on the coast the summer foliage is yet unaltered, and the influence of the sun little diminished, the upper parts of the landscape present the variegated tints and the fading foliage of autumn. In no other part of the earth is there made so near an approach to that fancied perfection of climate which poets love to delineate. All the gorgeous descriptions given by the ancients of the Isles of the Blessed seem here hardly exaggerated; and 'Hesperian fables, if true, are true here only.' * * Add to all this, that there is a freshness and balminess in the air of the island which render the mere act of breathing a source of pleasure unnoticed in less happy climes. On the very hottest days the ocean-born breezes prevent anything like sultriness or oppression from being experienced. The air is such as to give a springing buoyancy to the frame, and a luxurious flow to the spirits; you feel as if it were charged with nitrous oxide, the laughing gas of the chemist. For the feeble invalid the air on the high grounds is too strong, too exciting; but for those who can stand the exercise and bear the exposure safely, nothing could be conceived more intensely pleasant than riding amidst such scenery, under such a sky, and in such a climate. It is a picturesque and stirring spectacle also to witness a large cavalcade, with the light dresses of the riders, and the strange costume of the train of native attendants,—now clattering with merry tramp over the resounding paved roads,—now winding slowly in line along some steep and narrow path among the mountains,—now careering at full charge over the upland heaths and *sernas*. All this is but the physical part of the pleasure of these expeditions. Add the various elements of mental joyousness felt by such a party, elements

which fancy will suggest better than any description, and then will be formed a faint idea of the pleasures of picnics in Madeira."

The mode of conveyance in these excursions, determined by the character of the scenery, is another element of the excitement:—

"Wheel carriages of any kind being inadmissible, from the steep and rugged nature of the country, there is choice of the mode of conveyance between the island ponies, palanquins, and hammocks. The ponies are strong and sure-footed; lazy a little, in general, but with paces steady and easy enough for the feeblest invalid. Each pony is accompanied by a burroquero or horse-boy, who acts as guide, stirrup-holder, carrier, and attendant in general, to the temporary occupant of his steed. They are a race of active, obliging, intelligent fellows, and capable of bearing great fatigue, as they keep up with their charge during the longest and severest day's journey. While they trudge on foot behind, the rider is from time to time reminded of their presence by a sudden jerk of acceleration consequent upon the horse receiving a poke from their long sticks, when proceeding slowly; or when the pace is quickened, by the heavy drag from their keeping hold of the animal's tail to assist them in running. The Palanquin of Madeira is a sort of *settée*, suspended from a long pole borne by two men; the cushioning, curtaining, and other appendages of the carriage admit of much variety of taste and fancy. The Hammock is formed of net-work, slung on a similar pole, supported likewise on the shoulders of two men. Lying along on one's back at full length in one of these yielding aerostatic couches, with the feet comfortably covered, and the head well raised with cushions,—a curtain spread over the pole above the head to shelter from the direct rays of the sun,—in this attitude reading the latest magazine from England, or playing the machetinho, or conversing with the occupant of some accompanying hammock, or revelling in the prospect of the glorious landscapes around,—this is the very *plus ultra* of luxury and enjoyment in locomotion, above all that can be experienced in the modes of travelling of any other country. The palanquin and hammock bearers are a hardy set of men; three of them will carry a person of ordinary weight for the whole day over the steepest country, and, as is usual, finish the journey by coming in the last mile or two at a brisk trot. They have a great fund of humour, of the most amusing kind; and so comical is the expression and way in which the jokes are uttered when a party of them are travelling in company, that the person in the hammock can seldom forbear joining in the merriment, although perhaps he knows that the joke is at his own expense, or even although he does not understand a word of the language. Some of them are exceedingly clever, composing tales and rude verses in the improvisatore style, and chaunting these in a most peculiar and somewhat pleasing tone. Sometimes they proceed in the amebian or responsive style, one taking up the theme while the other pauses to take breath, and each endeavouring to surpass his predecessors in the description of the subject in hand, whether that be the praises of some traditional hero, or the liberality and worth of the person they are carrying, or the beauty and charms of their respective loves."

The editor, accordingly, leads his readers through a variety of the most remarkable scenery in the island—from time to time illustrated by the able pencil of Mr. Picken; dividing his stations into two classes,—the first including those which, lying within the line of the amphitheatre of hills that surrounds Funchal, are accessible to invalids generally,—and the second penetrating into its wilder recesses and climbing its more majestic mountains—startling the native Dryad in his yet uninvaded haunts—threading its ancient forests, whose indigenous vegetation is hitherto softened by no exotic feature—opening up the far more stupendous coast scenery of its northern sides—and finally returning, by its western and rarely visited portion, through a rude and primitive peasantry, to whom Funchal, the metropolis, is a distant wonder, and tracts of country so waste and desolate as to earn from this writer the title of the *Regio Petrea* of Ma-

deira. Through this tour, we cannot follow author or artist,—further than to allude shortly to one or two of the more general characteristics of its scenery; but must content ourselves, as to the rest, by observing that, while the text of the one, aided by the pencil of the other, discloses to the mere reader passages of such extraordinary natural magnificence as make the volume one of great interest,—to the Madeira visitor it will be a pleasant and very useful guide.

"The extreme grandeur of the mountain districts of Madeira (says the writer) is greatly the result of the geological character of the country. The rocks of which the whole mass of the land is composed are of volcanic origin. A few marine formations there are (tertiary limestone at St. Vincente and lignite at St. Jorge, on the north coast); but these form a most minute portion of the surface. The mountains, nearly 6000 feet in height, are composed of basalts and other igneous rocks: the scenes have therefore all the rude and rugged wildness that might be expected from the wreck and confusion of recent volcanic action, and yet are on a scale of Alpine magnificence. Add to this, that there still remains much of the ancient vegetation of the island, the mountains being clothed with forests of laurel, vinhato, til, and other native evergreens. Many travellers have borne their testimony that no country in the world can boast of combinations of natural objects so picturesque and impressive."

The Editor, in a short passage, gives an idea of the differing features distinguishing the scenery of the northern and southern coasts—the difference, after all, however, being rather in degree than in kind:—

"We are now upon the very shore of the Northern Atlantic. Already many points of difference have been observed by us between the two sides of the island. Instead of the land descending by gradual slopes, as it does on the south coast, the mountain ridges here retain a great elevation, till they terminate in a line of lofty sea-cliffs all along the northern shore. The vegetation, too, is different; the cactus and banana, and other tropical plants, are scarce, but there abound the hardier trees and plants of a higher latitude. The whole aspect of the land has a ruder and grander character. The sea, too, has here a corresponding sublimity of appearance. From the spot where we now stand, under the gigantic cliffs of St. Vincente, the majestic roll of the breakers affords a spectacle which quite obliterates any former notions of the grandeur of the ocean; wave after wave, in regular succession, moving in long and lofty lines towards the coast; curling over with a precision and cleanness such that the spray, when the wave breaks, runs off the edge to the right and left, like a well-performed feu-de-joie from a long line of infantry; the sun shining into the breast of the wave, forming a lovely Iris in its spray; and the foam, which boils and hisses on the shingle near our feet, forming a broad fringe of the most dazzling whiteness to the blue mantle of waters that invests the deep. We proceed eastward along the shore between the cliffs and the sea, there being a narrow tract of soil, in some places cultivated, between the rocks and the beach. Every step discloses new scenes of striking grandeur. All along the coast the cliffs are of great height, and extremely rugged and precipitous. Here and there they are cleft down to the level of the sea by ravines, in which mountain torrents find a channel. The sides and summits of the rocks are in most places covered with the dark foliage of the island trees. We see numbers of streams, fed by recent rain or by snow on the mountains, precipitating themselves from the top of this line of cliffs, forming a series of most picturesque cascades. Several of these often occur within a short distance of each other, where the height of the fall is many hundred feet of perpendicular descent. In some places, where the summit of the cliffs overhangs considerably, we see the stream sweeping over; but becoming broken and scattered in its descent, it is gradually altogether dispersed in mist; so that the dark volume of water seen at the top appears farther down in the form of a white cloud, borne by the wind along the face of the cliff. With such a scene of wild magnificence on the one hand, and on the other the waves of the loud-sounding

Atlantic, here ever troubled and boisterous, breaking in immense surges on the rocky shore, we feel the majestic and solemn grandeur of the place to be far above all that poetry ever painted or fancy conceived of the sublimity of Nature's scenery."

One of the most striking features of Madeira scenery is these same ravines; which, radiating from the centre of the island to the coast, at all points, are everywhere turned, by the ingenuity of the inhabitants, to the purposes of irrigation, by means of the *levadas* or aqueducts which intersect the country in every direction—

"In their course from some interior crater to the sea, though immensely deepened by the long action of water. Nothing can more speakingly tell of the countless ages the torrents must have continued their unnoticed course, than the great depth and time-worn appearance of these chasms. In the interior of the island, their appearance is that of a deep-trenched gloomy gorge, with a small torrent leaping from the frowning rocks into the abyss; but nearer the sea the ravines assume a milder character,—the mountains 'smooth their wrinkled front,' and the torrent finding comparative level, flows gently among round grey stones, until led off by a hundred small branches for the various purposes of irrigation."

The remarkable work of this kind at the Rabçal, one of the most stupendous passages of the western scenery of the island, of which Mr. Picken has furnished a striking view, worthy of the subject, was described, not long since, in this journal (No. 697).

This description of the present aspects of Madeira is introduced by a short sketch, rapidly tracing the events of its history, from the period of its first discovery, in the reign of King John the First of Portugal, and under the encouragement afforded to naval discovery by his son, the great Prince Henry,—down to the part which it played in the recent struggle for sovereignty, between brothers, his descendants:—and the editor, Dr. James Macaulay, has added some useful directions, under the head of 'General Information,' to parties visiting the island, on most of the practical points (such as the best modes of reaching the island, and living when there), on which, at such time, they would most wish to be informed—and some remarks on the climate, at once illustrating its extraordinary salubrity, and teaching the invalid to turn it to the best account. These various particulars, with a map of the island, combine, as we have hinted, to make this volume a perfect guide-book—as its illustrations and form make it a very splendid one—to the Madeira traveller."

The population of the island is here stated at 120,000—about a fourth of whom are said to reside in Funchal and its vicinity:—and the number of resident English is estimated at 300; while from 200 to 250 more are given as the number of those who, for some winters past, have resorted to the island for the benefit of the climate.

Philosophic Nuts, &c. By E. Johnson, Esq. Parts. I.—VI. Simpkin & Co.

An Essay on the Impediments to Knowledge created by the Abuse of Words. By the Rev. W. Fitzgerald, A.B. Dublin, Curry.

THE conduct and development of the human faculties—the one all-important end of education—is so inadequately sought for in our established systems of education, that the very sense of a consequent deficiency is scarcely acknowledged, or felt. Nothing, however, is more certain, than that the exceedingly small portion of sound criticism exerted by Englishmen in the

* Mr. Picken's masterly sketches carry with them, at once the impression of being produced under the immediate inspiration of the Genius of the island—they are such, at any rate, as to protect the glowing and enthusiastic descriptions of Dr. Macaulay against any charge of exaggeration—and we have seen no finer lithographic effects than are presented by some of these finished prints. For us, to whom its pictured wonders make no more touching appeals, it is a welcome and valuable addition to our stores of the picturesque.

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pursuit of general truths, moral, scientific, or social, is almost exclusively the result of self-discipline, the product rather of strong natural abilities, than of a direct and preconceived discipline directed by art. The consequence stares us in the face at every turn, in the slovenly way in which all public business is conducted, by a series of gropings in the dark, of enactments, repeals, and re-enactments, following each other without principle, in a vague endeavour to arrive at approximations to good. We see it also in the universal prevalence of class opinions, founded on baseless assertion, conventional dogmas, and traditional maxims, all of which are current in one circle of society and denied in all others; each in perpetual conflict with the other, but never coming into collision in the open fields of an universal logic. Around the very small portion of truth to be traced in any of the debatable subjects which are brought into public discussion, there is thus heaped a pile of sophisms, which far from being cleared away by inquiry, seem rather to accumulate with every new attempt to improve the public understanding. Each individual acting under the impulse of some supposed private interest, seizes upon some one notion behind which he entrenches himself; and incapable or unwilling to determine what is the amount of its value in fact or in inference, holds it as an absolute and irrefragable reason for overlooking all others. Thus it happens that the intellectual forces of society, bastardized and enfeebled, uniformly give way to the physical necessities of the moment, which alone determine social arrangements, causing all changes to be accompanied by a shock, and every succession of improved order to be preceded by a chaos. In this state of the public mind, we receive with welcome every attempt that is made to popularize the elements of sound reasoning, and to disseminate principles which may assist the few who conscientiously seek truth in any of its departments. Among the labourers in this vineyard, we consider Mr. Johnson as holding a prominent place; and we strongly recommend his 'Philosophic Nuts' to all who have a sound and healthy digestion, and desire, in the language of the writer, "to make words fit things, instead of vainly striving to make things to fit words," and the arbitrary signification which has been given to them. Mr. Johnson, it may be observed, is a follower of Horne Tooke's, and one of the most successful in carrying his master's principles through new departments of the subject.

Mr. Johnson treats of the abuses in the meaning of words, Mr. Fitzgerald of the abuses of their logical combination. His essay is a more scholastic production than the 'Nuts,' and therefore less original. We do not always agree with the author, but on the whole recommend his work earnestly for perusal.

The Idler in France. 2 vols. Colburn.

THE 'Idler in Italy' will best serve to introduce to the public the 'Idler in France'; it is a continuation of the same work, extracts from the same journal—without a word even of explanatory Preface. For our own parts, we like it better than the preceding volumes. In Italy, the writer was often oppressed by the importance of the subject, which could not be dismissed in silence, and was yet beyond the grasp and power of an Idler. Here, in Paris and Parisian society, Lady Blessington is more at home—the great requirements were the easy facile pencil of a clever sketcher, and in this way she excels. The pictures are always pleasant and life-like, without exaggeration or extravagance—and in the progress of her narrative she introduces the reader to many distinguished persons, Englishmen as well as foreigners, and to many social parties, at which most persons will be

content to look on and listen. But, superadded to these, the characteristic merits of her former volumes, Lady Blessington chanced to be in Paris during "the three glorious days," and her journal contains a picture drawn at the moment of the stirring interests of that eventful time. We shall content ourselves with gleaning here and there, in the order set down for us—and first a sketch, fresh as life, of a country-town, an inn, and a hostess—or rather of Arles, its inn and hostess, for the scene is strictly local:—

"Arles is certainly one of the most interesting towns I have ever seen, whether viewed as a place remarkable for the objects of antiquity it contains, or for the primitive manners of its inhabitants and its picturesque appearance. The quays are spacious and well built, presenting a very different aspect to the streets; for the former are very populous, being frequented by the boatmen who ply their busy commerce between Lyons and Marseilles—depôts for the merchandise being erected along them, while the latter are comparatively deserted. With this facility of communication with two such flourishing towns, it is extraordinary that Arles should have so long retained the primitive simplicity that seems to pervade it, and that a good hotel has not yet been established here. Our good hostess provided nearly as substantial a supper for us last night as the early dinner served up on our arrival, and again presided at the repast, pressing us to eat, and recommending, with genuine kindness, the various specimens of dainties set before us. Our beds, though homely, were clean; and I have seldom, in the most luxurious ones, reposed equally soundly. When our courier asked for the bill this morning, the landlady declared she 'knew not what to charge, that she was never in the habit of making out bills, and that we must give her what we thought right.' The courier urged the necessity of having a regular bill, explaining to her that he was obliged to file all bills, and produce them every week for the arrangement of his accounts—but in vain: she could not, she declared, make one out; and no one in her house was more expert than herself. She came to us, laughing and protesting, and ended by saying, 'Pay what you like; things are very cheap at Arles. You have eaten very little—really, it is not worth charging for.' But when we persisted on having her at least name a sum, to our infinite surprise she asked, if a couple of louis would be too much? And this for a party of six, and six servants, for two days! We had some difficulty in inducing her to accept a suitable indemnification, and parted, leaving her proclaiming what she was pleased to consider our excessive generosity, and reiterating her good wishes."

Some of the best parts of these volumes are the passages in which the manners of England and France are contrasted:—

"*As regards manners, I am struck with the great difference between those of Frenchmen and Englishmen, of the same station of life. The latter treat women with a politeness that seems the result of habitual amenity; the former with a homage that appears to be inspired by the peculiar claims of the sex, particularised in the individual woman, and is consequently more flattering. An Englishman seldom lays himself out to act the agreeable to women; a Frenchman never omits an opportunity of so doing; hence, the attentions of the latter are less gratifying than those of the former, because a woman, however free from vanity, may suppose that when an Englishman takes the trouble—and it is evidently a trouble, more or less, to all our islanders to enact the agreeable—she has really inspired him with the desire to please. In France, a woman may forget that she is neither young nor handsome; for the absence of these claims to attention does not expose her to be neglected by the male sex. In England, the elderly and the ugly 'could a tale unfold' of the naïveté with which men evince their sense of the importance of youth and beauty, and their oblivion of the presence of those who have neither. France is the paradise for old women, particularly if they are *spirituelle*; but England is the purgatory."*

On another occasion Lady Blessington observes:—

"French society has decidedly one great superiority over English, and that is its freedom from those topics which too often engross so considerable a portion of male conversation, even in the presence of ladies, in England. I have often passed the evening previously and subsequently to a race, in which many of the men present took a lively interest, without ever hearing it made the subject of conversation. Could this be said of a party in England, on a similar occasion. Nor do the men here talk of their shooting or hunting before women, as with us. This is a great relief, for in England many a woman is doomed to listen to interminable tales of slaughtered grouse, partridges, and pheasants; of hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field,' and venturous leaps, the descriptions of which leave one in doubt whether the narrator or his horse be the greater animal of the two, and render the poor listener more fatigued by the recital than either was by the longest chase. A dissertation on the comparative merits of Manton's, Lancaster's, and Moore's guns, and the advantage of percussion locks, it is true, generally diversifies the conversation. Then how edifying it is to hear the pedigrees of horses—the odds for and against the favourite winning such or such a race—the good or bad books of the talkers—the hedging or backing of the bettors! Yet all this are women condemned to hear on the eve of a race, or during the shooting or hunting season, should their evil stars bring them into the society of any of the Nimrods or sportsmen of the day, who think it not only allowable to devote nearly all their time to such pursuits, but to talk of little else. The woman who aims at being popular in her county, must not only listen patiently, but evince a lively interest in these *intellectual* occupations; while, if the truth was confessed, she is thoroughly *ennuyée* by these details of them: or if not, it must be inferred that she has lost much of the refinement of mind and taste peculiar to the well-educated portion of her sex. I do not object to men liking racing, hunting, and shooting. The first preserves the breed of horses, for which England is so justly celebrated, and hunting keeps up the skill in horsemanship in which our men excel. What I do object to is their making these pursuits the constant topics of conversation before women, instead of selecting those more suitable to the tastes and habits of the latter. There is none of the affectation of avoiding subjects supposed to be uninteresting to women visible in the men here. They do not utter with a smile—half pity, half condescension—"we must not talk politics before the ladies;" they merely avoid entering into discussions, or exhibiting party spirit, and show their deference for female society by speaking on literature, on which they politely seem to take for granted that women are well informed. Perhaps this deferential treatment of the gentler sex may not be wholly caused by the good breeding of the men in France; for I strongly suspect that the women here would be very little disposed to submit to the nonchalance that prompts the conduct I have referred to in England, and that any man who would make his horses or his field-sports the topic of discourse in their presence, would soon find himself expelled from their society. Frenchwomen still think, and with reason, that they govern the tone of the circles in which they move, and look with jealousy on any infringement of the respectful attention they consider to be their due."

After all, our "impartial Justicer" inclines, we think, to decide in favour of the best English society:—

"There is a repose in the society of clever and refined Englishmen to be met with in no other: the absence of all attempts to shine, or at least of the evidence of such attempts; the mildness of the manners; the low voices, the freedom from any flattery, except the most delicate and acceptable of all to a fastidious person, namely, that implied by the subjects of conversation chosen, and the interest yielded to them;—yes, these peculiarities have a great charm for me, and Mr. Rogers and Mr. Luttrell possess them in an eminent degree. The mercurial temperaments of the French preclude them from this calmness of manner and mildness of speech. More obsequiously polite and attentive to women, the exuberance of their animal spirits often hurries them into a gaiety evinced by clever sallies and clever observations. They shine, but they let the desire to do so

be too evident to admit of that quietude that forms one of the most agreeable, as well as distinguishing, attributes of the conversation of a refined and highly-intellectual Englishman."

Characteristic differences pervade all classes of society—even the shopkeepers:—

"I am sometimes amused, and more frequently irritated, by observing the *mœurs Parisiennes*, particularly in the shop-keepers. The airs of self-complacency, amounting almost to impertinence, practised by this class, cannot fail to surprise persons accustomed to the civility and assiduity of those in London, who, whether the purchases made in their shops be large or small, evince an equal politeness to the buyers. In Paris, the tradesman assumes the right of dictating to the taste of his customers; in London, he only administers to it. Enter a Parisian shop, and ask to be shown velvet, silk, or riband, to assort with a pattern you have brought of some particular colour or quality, and the mercer, having glanced at it somewhat contemptuously, places before you six or eight pieces of a different tint and texture. You tell him that they are not similar to the pattern, and he answers, 'That may be; nevertheless, his goods are of the newest fashion, and infinitely superior to your model.' You say, 'You prefer the colour of your pattern, and must match it.' He produces half-a-dozen pieces still more unlike what you require; and to your renewed assertion that no colour but the one similar to your pattern will suit you, he assures you, that his goods are superior to all others, and that what you require is out of fashion, and a very bad article, and, consequently, that you had much better abandon your taste and adopt his. This counsel is given without any attempt at concealing the contempt the giver of it entertains for your opinion, and the perfect satisfaction he indulges for his own. You once more ask, 'If he has got nothing to match the colour you require?' and he shrugs his shoulders and answers, 'Pourtant, madame, what I have shown you is much superior.' 'Very possible; but no colour will suit me but this one,' holding up the pattern; 'for I want to replace a breadth of a new dress to which an accident has occurred.'—'Pourtant, madame, my colours are precisely the same, but the quality of the materials is infinitely better!' and with this answer, after having lost half an hour—if not double that time—you are compelled to be satisfied, and leave the shop, its owner looking as if he considered you a person of decidedly bad taste, and very troublesome into the bargain. Similar treatment awaits you in every shop; the owners having, as it appears to me, decided on showing you only what they approve, and not what you seek."

The easy familiarity of servants on the continent must have forcibly struck all English travellers; as forcibly, indeed, as the hard and wide difference which exists in England between master and servant startles all foreigners. On this subject Lady Blessington, who had abundant opportunities for observation, thus comments:—

"A French master and mistress issue their orders to their domestics with much more familiarity than the English do; take a lively interest in their welfare and happiness; advise them about their private concerns; inquire into the cause of any depression of spirits, or symptom of ill health they may observe, and make themselves acquainted with the circumstances of those in their establishment. This system lessens the distance maintained between masters and servants, but does not really diminish the respect entertained by the latter towards their employers, who generally find around them humble friends, instead of, as with us, cold and calculating dependents, who repay our *hauteur* by a total indifference to our interests, and, while evincing all the external appearance of profound respect, entertain little of the true feeling of it to their masters. Treating our servants as if they were automata created solely for our use, and who, being paid a certain remuneration for their services, have no claim on us for kindness or sympathy, is a system very injurious to their morals and our own interests, and requires an amelioration. But while I deprecate the tone of familiarity that so frequently shocks the untravelled English in the treatment of French employers to their servants, I should like to see more kindness of manner shewn by the

English to theirs. Nowhere are servants so well paid, clothed, fed, and lodged, as with us, and nowhere are they said to feel so little attachment to their masters; which can only be accounted for by the erroneous system to which I have referred."

We have left the personal anecdotes and sketches for another opportunity, should it offer; in the meantime we shall give one anecdote of the Princess Talleyrand:—

"When the Baron Denon's work on Egypt was the topic of general conversation, and the hôtel of the Prince Talleyrand was the rendezvous of the most distinguished persons of both sexes at Paris, Denon being engaged to dine there one day, the Prince wished the Princesse to read a few pages of the book, in order that she might be enabled to say something complimentary on it to the author. He consequently ordered his librarian to send the work to her apartment on the morning of the day of the dinner; but, unfortunately, at the same time also commanded that a copy of *Robinson Crusoe* should be sent to a young lady, a *protégée* of hers, who resided in the hôtel. The Baron Denon's work, through mistake, was given to Mademoiselle, and *Robinson Crusoe* was delivered to the Princesse, who rapidly looked through its pages. The seat of honour at table being assigned to the Baron, the Princesse, mindful of her husband's wishes, had no sooner eaten her soup than, smiling graciously, she thanked Denon for the pleasure which the perusal of his work had afforded her. The author was pleased, and told her how much he felt honoured; but judge of his astonishment, and the dismay of the Prince Talleyrand, when the Princesse exclaimed, 'Yes, Monsieur le Baron, your work has delighted me; but I am longing to know what has become of your poem Friday, about whom I feel such an interest.'"

Spanish Legends—[Leyendas Españolas]. By José Joaquín de Mora. C. & H. Senior.

It is not often that we are called on to notice foreign works printed in this country, still less frequently a volume of original Spanish poetry. The language and literature of the Peninsula are not now very generally studied in England. During the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, Spanish was in a great measure the language of the court; it was also extensively cultivated during those of James and Charles I., and translations of the best Spanish works appeared in this country sooner than in any other. It is, indeed, a fact undeniable, and one which enlightened Spaniards themselves do us the justice to admit, that by no foreign nation have the beauties of Spanish literature been so justly appreciated; a late commentator on Don Quixote, the learned Clemencin, has indeed gone so far as to assert that "up to the latter end of the last century, more had been done in England to illustrate the life and writings of the immortal author of that inimitable work than in any other country of Europe, Spain even not excepted." The study of Spanish literature, however, went out of fashion on the accession of the house of Hanover. Circumstances some years since gave it once again a temporary popularity: the intimate political connexion which existed between the two countries during the Peninsular war, and the crowds of distinguished Spaniards who, on the restoration of Ferdinand, were compelled to seek refuge on our shores from the persecutions of a priest-ridden and despotic government, contributed to revive a taste for the literature of the south, and it became again a favourite study in this country. We still recollect when, volume after volume, the production of learned Spaniards sharing our hospitality, issued from the London press, and were favourably received by the British public. But this temporary excitement has long since subsided; Spanish has given way to German; and we fear there are not at the present day many Englishmen capable of judging of the merits of a work like the present.

The '*Leyendas Españolas*,' as the title suffi-

ciently implies, is a collection of legends in verse, taken from the history of Spain, and chiefly from that period when the country was under the Mohammedan sway. The writer has been long resident in this country, and is the author of several works, among which we may mention a paraphrase of Conde's history of the Spanish Arabs, a translation of Clavigero's '*Ancient History of Mexico*,' illustrated with notes, and a volume entitled '*No me olvides*,' (*Forget-Me-Not*), containing many poetical pieces of more than ordinary merit. The present, however, appears to be the most important of the author's works, not only on account of the labour bestowed on it, and the number and character of the poems, but because he appears in it somewhat in the character of an innovator. It is well known that Spaniards have two sorts of rhyme—the *consonante*, or full rhyme, which is nearly the same as the Italian, and the *asonante*, which the ear of a foreigner would not immediately distinguish from blank verse, since it consists in the vowels on which the last accent falls. This latter, which is unquestionably borrowed from the Arabs, and was generally used by the earliest poets of Spain, constitutes a rhythmical beauty unknown to other nations, especially when applied to the short verses of the ballad or *romance*. Our author, however, is of a different opinion: he holds that all verse ending with the asonant rhyme, being comparatively easier than that which terminates in the full one, has become trivial and vulgar, from the fact of its being often used by illiterate persons, and ought, therefore, to be discontinued. In conformity with this opinion, he has invariably used the *consonante*, or full rhyme, in all his poems; and we own that the effect produced in some, especially in the longer pieces, might have made a convert of us, notwithstanding our decided taste for the older forms of Spanish poetry, had we not perused some of the lighter poems, in which the monotonous jingling produced by the constant repetition of the rhyme in the octosyllabic verse is less pleasant to the ear than the distant harmony produced by a slight but continuous fall on the same vowel. Be this as it may, the Poems are worth perusing, and we recommend them to all who take an interest in Spanish literature.

Before taking leave, we cannot but express our surprise at the system of orthography which the author has adopted. We know well that the most distinguished Spanish scholars have long been, and are still divided, as to the manner of writing their language, and that hence have originated almost as many systems as there are writers; but in a language like the Spanish, which derives most of its words from the Latin, we consider it decidedly inadvisable to suppress, as the author does, the component or radical letters of a word, and to write *exibe*, *exita*, *exzo*, instead of *exhibe*, *excita*, *exceso*.

A Winter in the Azores, and a Summer at the Baths of the Furnas. By Joseph Bullar, M.D. and Henry Bullar, of Lincoln's Inn. 2 vols. Van Voorst.

THESE volumes, though somewhat slight in their literary character, are welcome, as containing a series of pictures, which bring before us forms and scenes belonging to a strange land. The journalists passed a winter at St. Michael's, and a spring and summer in the neighbouring islands. Their humour has been to see "good in everything;" and we have rarely risen from pages at once so clear from egotistical vanity or more calculated to leave on the mind of the reader an agreeable impression of their writers.

Ponta Delgada, in St. Michael's, is the first landing-place, at which we touch a new field for observation after a rough sea-voyage. This is the

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principal town of the island, containing twenty thousand inhabitants; not particularly enchanting in its situation, being built "close to the sea in a formal white line," and backed by numberless small green *mole*-hills, some of them clothed with old orange plantations, others displaying their volcanic origin. After four-and-twenty days passed in a Cowes fruit-vessel, even this monotonous place looked a very Eden; but it is not a Paradise to be reached without a struggle. The surf bursts upon the beach, Deal-fashion; and the boatmen, though perhaps less extortionate than the Jacks of the Kentish coast, are a noisy, jabbering set of fellows, whose appearance and "accost" are likely to do anything rather than reassure the nerves of an invalid.



The first peep at life in St. Michael's might as well have been taken in Russell Square—but for the hour, seven in the evening, at which the ball began. There were no fandangoes—no boleros—no Moorish dances of any kind—but quadrilles executed by many handsome women—fatter because less tortured in stays than the English sisterhood,—with the usual proportion of unexceptional chaperons. A note made two days later shows us a few things more especially Azorean:—

"The basement of the houses is used for shops, storehouses, or stables. The shops are lighted from the door, and have no windows. There is consequently none of the gay variety of shop-fronts seen in England, but open doors display counters and shelves of wares inside. The signs for the different trades are hung out of these doorways. At one door, for instance, you see a dozen strips of printed cottons tied to a small stick, and fluttering like the ribbons on a recruiting sergeant's hat. This tells you that a linen-draper stands ready inside with tape and cottons. Farther on, a small bundle of faggots, a bunch of onions, a few roots of garlick, and two or three candles dangle from another stick, and denote a grocer. A shoemaker's sign is a bunch of leather shreds; and a hatter's is a painted hat. A butcher ties up a bundle of empty sausage skins, or a rude drawing of an ox having his horn sawed off, the saw as large as the man who uses it. Over a milkman's door hangs a crooked red cow, such as may be seen in alleys in London. A great bough of faya, which resembles a branch of arbutus, indicates a wine shop, and, by the addition of a sprig of box, you learn that spirits are sold there. * * The first floor windows, immediately above the shops and stores, are very generally furnished with small wooden balconies of trellis-work, like that in our dairy windows, which is painted dull red, green, or white. Neat iron balconies are fixed before some of the windows of the larger houses. The caves project considerably, and the corner tile is frequently shaped like a bird with outspread wings, or is made to turn up into a long point. The plaster of the building is of glaring whiteness, the corners of the door-posts, edges of the windows, and cornice, being generally left the ori-

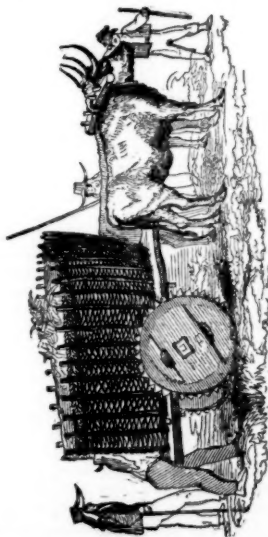
ginal colour of the stone, which is dark grey or black. Shoemakers sit at work in their doorways: in others, tailors squat, while the goose is seen in the street on a smouldering pan of charcoal. * * A few vehicles, resembling somewhat the old race of hack cabs in London, hung on a long carriage with upright springs, and drawn by two small, spirited horses, with postilions in jack boots, and men in dull liveries swinging on behind, clattered through the streets with the rattle and jingle of empty post-chaises. Two ladies sat in some of these, dressed in by-gone European fashions; others had a single occupant. Some were closed in by heavy leather flaps and aprons, having two glazed holes, on a level with the rider's eyes. Pigs and donkeys there were in abundance; the swine unusually large and fat. * * There are

of red and black. As time and the weather act upon them, and moss accumulates, and lichens grow, the gaudiness, however, wears away, and they become rather picturesque objects; and when blackened, as they sometimes are by constant damp and splashing, there could hardly be a better background for the gay figures of the thirsty men and graceful girls who drink and lean about them."

"One of the most singular objects that meets a stranger's eye in the streets of Ponta Delgada, is the island cap or carapuca, worn by the peasants of the place. * * It is usually made of indigo-blue cloth, lined with serge of the same colour. But the colour, lining, and dimensions of each carapuca vary with the taste or locality of the different wearers just as widely as the shape of black beavers with the whims of a Bond Street hatter."

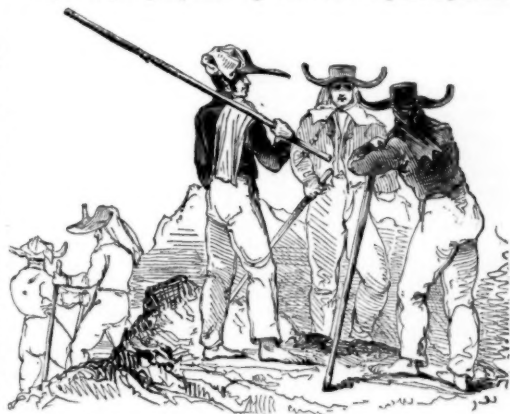
There are eight thousand asses in St. Michael's, by the aid of which traffic and transport are alike carried on, though oxen are not unfrequently used:—

"The waggons here are of a very primitive structure, made like children's carts. The two wheels are about two feet in diameter, each consisting of a circular piece of wood, the circumference of which is studded with enormous conical-headed nails. The wheels are connected by an axle-tree which turns in wooden sockets. A simple flat board, square behind, and terminating by a gentle curve in a single shaft, forms the body. A few holes and stakes, like the pegs on a brewer's dray, and round these, when required, a stout wicker frame, like a long hurdle, keep the load in its place. The oxen are harnessed by a simple yoke."



Excursions from Ponta Delgada must stretch

fountains in the streets, with tanks by their sides, where asses stop to drink; and these, like market-places, are spots where foreigners generally find amusement. The water is carried in barrels, and in pitchers of red pottery; the barrels, which are long and narrow, are frequently slung in pairs over the back of an ass; and the pitchers, which are made in the island, and, being porous, like the Indian gurglets, act in summer-time as water-coolers, possess as much beauty of form as some of those in the British Museum from the ruins of Herculaneum. The water of St. Michael's is peculiarly delicate and pure. It is conducted to Ponta Delgada by pipes from a reservoir in the mountains, and flows day and night from fountains, which the peculiar taste of the islanders for gaudy colouring has led them to paint in patterns



far to repay the tourist, for every road in the neighbourhood is jealously shut in with high walls. These protect the orange trees from depredation; for the population, though not ill-intentioned, seems to be lawless, after a lazy fashion; and the open fruit-gardens of France and Rhenish Germany would stand a poor chance of producing much revenue to their owners, if the "Portugee" were in the neighbourhood. The high walls, too, have a purpose and a value, as opposing themselves to high winds. When we get past these, on our road to Villa Franca, we begin to see something of the country, and something of the more primitive life of the people. The cottage of Thomazia and Bicho, where our traveller put up for the night—but for "the neat clean bed, having a bolster fringed with muslin," might have been an Irish cabin, for pigeons were free of the house, and the pig walked in and out as if, like his far-away cousin in Connemara, "he paid the rent." The staff of life is maize-bread, only one degree better than Paddy's potato food:—but the climate!—that makes the difference.

Monks and nuns seem at a discount in St. Michael's ever since Don Pedro took the reins; the former are said to be notoriously libertine—the latter little better, and sparingly accomplished, save in feather flowers and pastry. But processions and church festivals flourish, as we shall perhaps presently see. There is a certain observance of the Sabbath, the rest of which is most unscrupulously broken by the *Protestant orange merchants*,—"who do not cease loading their vessels." The following picture has hues and forms in its repose, which are characteristic and pleasing. We are still at Villa Franca, and it is Christmas-day—the temperature being as mild as our best June weather, and the elder and the cuckoo-pint bursting into leaf, just as freshly as if there were no such things as holly-boughs and black hellebore in the world:—

"The appearance of the town is like that of an English village on Sunday. Every one,—man, woman, and child,—is cleanly, neatly, or even gaily

dressed; no work is going on, no asses are to be seen, even the pigs have assumed an indolent holy-day expression, and everything indicates a complete cessation from all working-day occupations. The rooms of the poor are dressed out with boughs of evergreens, and some are strewn with rushes. In the afternoon, in most of the cottages of the poor, the women, girls, and little children sat cross-legged on the floor, their glossy black hair neatly arranged, shining with oil, and often fastened with high tortoise-shell combs. Some were sitting at the doorstep in the sun. The balconies of the houses were occupied by women, who leaned over them and looked at the passers-by. They are fond of brightly-coloured shawls, with a preference for deep yellow or crimson; and these suit well their black eyes, hair, and dark complexions. The men lounged and chatted in the streets, or vigorously gesticulated in groups round the wine-shops; while their boys were in herds at play. The women are particularly gay about the feet. One wore a tawny pair of high shoes, with bright orange tassels; others white leather resembling kid; others what had the appearance at least of white satin; and one careful damsel, whom we accidentally interrupted in the outskirts of the town, was engaged in taking off and rolling up her smart shoes and open stockings, before setting forth barefooted on her way home. She looked very much ashamed of herself, poor soul! In the evening we wandered out and paid Thomazia's cottage a visit. She and her children and grandchildren were sitting up in all the enjoyment of their festival. In one corner of the room was the bed, which, in every cottage and on all occasions, is perfectly clean and neat, but to-day it was decorated with a finely worked muslin valance, and a handsome coverlid of white quilted materials, on which were strewn a few flowers. The floor was spread with fresh rushes, the walls and ceiling were covered with green branches of the Faya; and in the midst of this bower, just sufficiently lighted by a small crucifix-lamp to make a picture of the cottage interior, lay and lounged the family of the Bichos. There was Antonio stretched on the rushes in his hairy strength, sound asleep. Thomazia squatted in Moorish fashion with her elbows on her knees; one of her children with his head upon her lap, lay in motionless sleep; a girl in a bright red petticoat, laughing to her baby, and quizzing the foreigners to her black-eyed sister who sat beside her, leaned upon the bed; her husband with short mustachios and olive brown complexion, rubbed his cat, and smiled at the notice taken of the cottage; and the youngest and brownest grandchild stood on the clothes-chest in a small white shirt, wondering at us with childlike simplicity. All were merry, and all were more or less cheered with wine. They were well pleased to be looked at and praised.

Passing a small hovel in one of the back alleys, we came to a melancholy contrast with all this life and cheerful activity among the gay holiday keepers in the streets. The single room of the cottage being lighted by a small lamp, and the upper half of the door having been left unclosed, a gleam was thrown across the gloomy street. Attracted by the light, we looked into the cottage, and there saw on a small bed, which nearly filled the room, a very aged woman in a heavy sleep. She was apparently sick, and so still that she had all the appearance of a corpse. A jar of water, and a green branch for fanning away the flies that buzzed and settled on her face without disturbing her, had been left by her bed-side, her crucifix and beads were within reach, and her only companion, a sleek cat, purred and dozed at her feet.

The day after Christmas-day, our journalist came upon a scene which is "St. Michael's all over":—

"Walked this morning to an orange garden, beyond the little village of Ribeira Secca. At its entrance was a pathway with evergreen Faya trees on each side, meeting in arches overhead. Suddenly we came upon merry groups of men and boys, all busily engaged in packing oranges, in a square and open plot of ground. They were gathered round a goodly pile of the fresh fruit, sitting on heaps of the dry calyx-leaves of the Indian corn, in which each orange is wrapped before it is placed in the boxes. Near these circles of laughing Azoreans, who sat at their work and kept up a continual cross-fire of rapid repartee as they quickly filled the orange cases,

were a party of children, whose business it was to prepare the husks for the men, who used them in packing. * * A quantity of the leaves being heaped together near the packers, the operation began. A child handed to a workman who squatted by the heap of fruit, a prepared husk; this was rapidly snatched from the child, wrapped round the orange by an intermediate workman, passed by the feeder to the next, who, (sitting with the chest between his legs,) placed it in the orange-box with amazing rapidity, took a second and a third and a fourth as fast as his hands could move, and the feeders could supply him, until at length the chest was filled to overflowing, and was ready to be nailed up. Two men then handed it to the carpenter, who bent over the orange-chest several thin boards, secured them with a willow band, pressed it with his naked foot as he sawed off the ragged ends of the boards, and finally despatched it to the ass, which stood ready for lading. Two chests were slung across his back, by means of cords crossed in a figure of eight, both were well secured by straps under his belly, the driver took his goad, pricked his beast, and uttering the never-ending cry 'Sackana,' trudged off to the town. Now and then the top of a basket, full of the golden fruit, came in sight, carried on the broad shoulders of some strong fellow, who, after toiling up one of the steep paths leading from the ravine to the enclosure, shot out upon the ground the whole contents of his basket, with as little concern as a coalheaver does his coals."

We must take a peep into the orange-garden itself:—

"In one part scores of children were scattered among the branches, gathering fruit into small baskets, hallooing, laughing, practically joking, and finally emptying their gatherings into the larger baskets underneath the trees, which, when filled, were slowly borne away to the packing-place, and bowled out upon the great heap. Many large orange-trees



"The sexton was as sextons have been since Shakespeare's time, and will be henceforward, a merry fellow that had 'no feeling of his business.' When the corpse was lowered into the grave by the bearers, he jumped down on it, tucking it up and arranging the grave clothes, as if he had been putting it to bed, and then, with a final squeeze to the arms, sprang out of the hole, shovelled a few light spadefuls on the body in an impatient way, handed his tool to the bystanders, (each of whom threw earth into the grave,) and, when they were satisfied, began the business of ramming down and filling up."

We will now exhibit a few of the Carnival festivities of Orange-land:—

"Shrove Sunday is called 'fat Sunday' (Domingo gordo). The day was a very delightful one, the sun not like summer, with just enough breeze to prevent languor or oppression. Every one being dressed in holiday clothing; the white linen trowsers, and tight black or blue velvet jackets of the men, the showy handkerchiefs on the heads of the women being mixed with their sombre indigo cloaks, and the heavy snuff-coloured capotes of the few tradesmen—and the bulk of the town population and that of its neighbourhood being assembled in the square,—the day seemed doubly gay. In the market-place num-

berless groups stood and lounged about in enjoyment of the festival. On the stone steps of the jail a throng of boatmen—some in Scotch bonnets, (for they are lovers of the tartan,) others with hanging caps of scarlet and blue; others with the party-coloured cap of the country, a mixture of brown, white, red, and yellow, lay dozing in the sunshine. But on the steps of the church of Misericordia the greatest variety had collected. As a kind of centre-piece to this assemblage,—like a patch of poppies in a cornfield,—the clerk to all the churches in the town, a snuffy grey-headed tailor, flared along in a scarlet gown, surrounded by a crowd of all sorts and sizes, from shrill scampering boys in cotton shirts and brown legs, to grey-headed old leaning on its long stick in silent composure. The young peasants from the country villages, dressed in close velvet jackets, the whitest of white trowsers, and hats with long horns and crimson linings, leaned in graceful attitudes on their long poles, or chatted in groups, or sat on the steps laughing, and acting every word they spoke. One middle-aged man sat in a prominent place on the steps in an entire suit of burnt sienna,—a brown hat, a brown jacket, and brown trowsers,—like a Paris bonbon in chocolate; next to him sat others in blue, and white and yellow, while the little children who

We must pass much amusing matter, to come to "a history in little" of the changes which have taken place in St. Michael's within the last twenty years,—if the account of Dr. Webster, a Bostonian, may be trusted. In his time (somewhere about 1820) glass windows were hardly known, chairs had been but recently introduced, the richer people sat cross-legged on the floor, or upon a platform about a foot high, covered with carpet; there were no carriages, save a few cabriolets for visiting; the gentry were slovenly and dirty, few could write or read, and 'squired ladies to and fro à la Sir Charles Grandison, that is, with cocked hats and swords. These days are all passed; and the orange-traffic is making the Azorean "Morgado" (squire) as proper a man as his English or French correspondent. Among the humbler classes, the old usages still prevail, as will be seen in our next scene—a funeral group at Villa Franca:—

"The ceremony partook of the same careless unconcern which characterized the procession the other day. The same unlettered priests officiated, and the same kind of lookers-on attended. The priests, who stood in rows on each side of the body, twanged out their parts like so many 'frozen-out gardeners' in the streets of London. One of them held a large gilded crucifix, and his attention was completely

divided between disposing of it in such a way as might least incommode himself, and protecting two lanky tapers, that guttered by his side from the draughts which caused them to flare. Another, who in figure, carriage, dress, and face, resembled a dropsical Portuguese woman, after he had finished his part of the chant, took snuff, and hastily blew his nose, that he might be in time for the next stave. Next to him was a lean old man, 'gaping like a defunct oyster,' whose thin cheeks, long-hooked nose, and hollow eyes, reminded me strongly of the skulls of some birds. This old gentleman took the service very easy,—just as old staggers at public dinners do the cheers,—by merely opening his mouth into the shape it would have assumed had he imitated his next neighbour.

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were breeched, wore party-coloured linen suits, and some few, buff jackets and bright blue trowsers. * * * The Carnival lasted from Sunday to Tuesday,

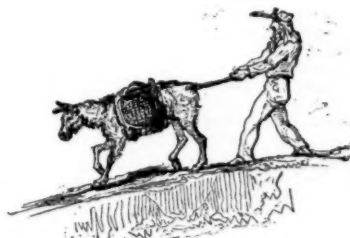
and fish and fasting were ushered in with the ringing of bells and a frequent and vigorous nasal chant, from the gang of orange pickers in the room below, of

Some of their customs, too, are quite as strange as their physiognomies; and among them we must consider the means by which they steady a laden ass, as he goes down hill :—



"A few women wore 'mantas,' but these were the *crème* of Villa Franca society; and, fortunately for the scene, the *crème de la crème*, who occasionally indulge in English bonnets, were either hidden or absent. The number of old and elderly men and little boys greatly preponderated over that of young men, of whom there were very few. A figure of Christ dying on the cross, the living size, and illuminated by a long line of tall tapers, was placed in a shrine before the altar, and partly concealed by a thin gauze curtain; and the pulpit was hung with brocade silk. * * * When the priest had nearly come to the close of his harangue, whilst describing the sufferings of Christ, the curtain concealing the figure was suddenly drawn up from the shrine, and the image exposed to view; a *coup de théâtre* which produced a sudden effect on the persons assembled, who, as he repeated the words 'misericordia, misericordia,' in a wailing tone, struck their faces and breasts with their hands in such a manner as to resound through the church like the applause at a public meeting. * * * At the conclusion of the sermon (which was the whole service) the people left the church, and the women either went home to view the procession from their balconies and windows, or sat on the steps of the churches, or stood in knots in the street to see it pass. The Terceiros led the procession. They were clad in black cloth gowns, fitting tightly to the neck and reaching to the feet. A cord was drawn round their

waists, a triangular piece of coarse sacking masked their faces, concealing every part but the eyes, which might be seen blinking through two slits in the sackcloth, their feet were bare, each carried a wooden cross, and each was crowned with thorns. The boys at the church door giggled and pointed as they came out. They walked two and two, to the number of thirty, preceded by a black banner, and followed by wooden images, waddling priests, and four little girls dressed out like May-day mummers. These pretty children (chosen because they were so) were intended to represent angels. With this view they had been dressed by some of the ladies of Villa Franca, who had lent jewels of gold and jewels of silver for the occasion. The principal of the four wore a crown of silk or satin, on which rings, brooches, and other trinkets, and real and artificial flowers were fastened. Behind her back a pair of solid satin wings projected; and beneath them a more doubtful projection from before and behind, gave her the appearance of having jumped through a gaudy *papier-maché* tea-tray. Earrings, gold chains, bracelets, rings, brooches, pins, and other trinkets were stuck and sewed to this projection, so as almost entirely to cover it. Round her little neck several massive gold chains were wound; she wore heavy gold bracelets on her wrists, and sprinkled about her dress was a profusion of flowers, real and artificial. With the tea-tray, however, the angelic part of her person was supposed to end; and her legs and feet appeared below in the



We must now close our first gossip concerning these agreeable volumes; and, lest we should be prevented from returning for a second gleaning, we will at once recommend them as very pleasant light reading for the coming dog-days.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Low's *Illustrations of the Breeds of the Domestic Animals of the British Islands*. Part VI., *The Horse*, (Part I.)—Part VII., *The Sheep*.—This truly national work, of which we have expressed our good opinion on previous occasions, proceeds with increased interest. The numbers before us commence the illustrations of the Horse, and continue those of the Sheep. The former contains representations of an Arabian stallion, taken in a skirmish with an Arab tribe, (this, by the way, hardly comes within the scope of a work illustrating the *British* breeds,) the race-horse, the old Irish hunter, and the Connemara horse. Well satisfied as we are with this beautiful work, we must object to the sameness of the backgrounds throughout these illustrations. Of course the animal is the leading object; but how much more spirited would the plate of the Arabian horse have appeared with a representation in the distance of the skirmish with the Arabs in which he was taken, or the race-horse with a race-course as a background? The breeds of sheep illustrated in No. 7 are the Old Norfolk, the Dorset, the Old Wiltshire, and the Merino. The descriptive text, especially of the Part which relates to the Horse, is very ample; containing a notice of the six ordinarily received species, and a full and more general account of the *Equus caballus*, or common horse, and its varieties, which the author seems to attribute more to geographical range and the peculiarities of climate, than to the artificial skill of the breeder. Our readers may perhaps remember the great complaints which were made in consequence of the stud of the late King having been sold soon after the accession of her present Majesty, and at several of the best horses having been allowed to go out of the country; but something more will be requisite before our race-horses will be either surpassed or even equalled by foreign horses. "The pedigrees of horses," says Mr. Low, "which claim the privilege of running, or rather which possess the properties of speed in a sufficient degree to enable them to run, have been preserved with jealous care: so that there has been formed a privileged class, which may be termed horses of noble blood. The horses of this caste or family being made to breed with one another, its characters became permanent, and a distinct breed, in the proper sense of the word, was produced. The triumph of art was complete; and the breed produced, for a combination of strength with the power of rapid motion, became unequalled in the world—excelling in fleetness the horses of the Arabian deserts, and surpassing in strength and beauty the chariot-steeds of the Olympic games. It was not merely by mixing the blood of the African and Asiatic horses with those of England that the full end was arrived at; it was by continued reproduction between the descendants of the mixed stock, selecting for breeding those which possessed the characters required. Foreign nations are desirous to obtain the race-horse of England for improving the native breeds, and to this end these noble horses are eminently suited; but this of itself will not form a



worldly dress of muslin trowsers, white stockings, and kid shoes. The child seemed deeply impressed with the dignity of her position; and with child-like gravity carried off her finery without awkwardness or boldness. A humorous old man with a red face and merry eyes, had charge of this jewelled child, while the others, who except the jewels, wore the same dress, found their way as they could among an admiring crowd of youngsters of their own age."

There is a marked difference, it appears, in the physiognomy of the natives of the several islands, and their characteristic distinctions are preserved by the Messrs. Bul- lar in a group of heads, in which the faces and head-dresses peculiar to each island, have been represented, as in the annexed engraving.

race of horses possessed of permanent characters. To effect this, the long-continued care of breeding is required, until a race shall be formed having that identity and permanence of properties which constitute a true breed of any kind."

Help to Self-Education.—The author has collected a number of texts, setting forth the duties of a Christian, and has appended to them a number of questions relating to the performance of what they inculcate.

Letters on Public Education, by Philanthropos.—We can only award the writer of these letters the praise due to good intentions.

List of New Books.—Combe's (G.) *Moral Philosophy*, new edit. roy. 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Blaine's *Veterinary Art*, new edit. 8vo. 21s. cl.—Blaine's *Canine Pathology*, new edit. 8vo. 3s. cl.—Crabb's *German Extracts*, new edit. 12mo. 6s. cl.—*Social Tales*, by Mrs. Sherwood, royal 16mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—*Wakefield's Family Tour*, new edit. 12mo. 6s. hf-bd.—*The Little Wife*, by Mrs. Grey, 3 vols. 31s. 6d. bds.—*The Magazine of Domestic Economy*, Vol. VI. 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.—*The Round Table*, by W. Hazlitt, new edit. 6s. cl.—*The Addresses and Messages of the Presidents of the United States*, from Washington to Harrison, 8vo. 21s. cl.—*The Prisoners of Australia*, by the author of 'Miriam,' &c. 3s. 6d. cl.—*Hints on Early Education*, new edit. 6s. 6d. cl.—*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy*, new edit. post 8vo. 7s. cl.—*Rogers's Law and Practice of Election and Election Committees*, 6th edit. 12mo. 30s. bds.—*Hind's Trigonometry*, new edit. 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—*Monthly Examination in History, Geography*, &c. 12mo. 3s. cl.—*Rouse's Manual for Election Agents*, square, 5s. 6d. hf-bd.—*The London Saturday Journal*, "Pictorial Series," Vol. I. imp. 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.—*Noticia Venetiana, a Treatise on Fox-Hunting*, by R. T. Vyner, Esq., royal 8vo. 21s. 2s. cl.—*Ireland, its Scenery, Character, &c.*, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, Vol. I. 8vo. 25s. cl.—*Tytler's History of Scotland*, Vol. II. post 8vo. 6s. cl.—*Chorley's Music and Manners in France and Germany*, 3 vols. 31s. 6d. bds.—*Bishop Patrick on the Holy Communion*, 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—*Sermons on different Subjects*, by Rev. E. N. Kirk, A.M., 12mo. 6s. cl.—*Lay-Baptism Invalid*, &c., by R. Laurence, A.M., new edit. 6s. cl.—*Traditions of Western Germany*, by Capt. C. Knox, 3 vols. 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. cl.

IN VAIN.

In vain how many hearts are spent,
And long years worn away!
And oh, how much to hope is lent,
It never will repay!
For who can tell the weight of toil,
The waste of heart and brain,
And weary travel of the soul,
Which hath been borne in vain?
The sleepless Sage some star hath sought,
Till hope and sight grew dim;
It shone for eyes that loved it not,
But never looked on him:
Thus fate hath flung the pearls away,
Which all was sold to gain,
Or freely poured the priceless ray
Where it might shine in vain.
The Poet's song, it hath gone forth
To every sea and shore,
And shed around his land of birth
A glory evermore:
But o'er the lyre hung clouds and gloom,
Whence rose that matchless strain;
And the minstrel only found a tomb,
With bright bays crowned in vain.
The Chief, whose name hath endless life,
His country's trust and might,
Who found his fame through days of strife,
And watchings of the night;
Whose voice the powers of earth could shake,
In senate, field, or fine:
Alas! and must the high hearts break—
The faithful fall in vain?
And Love, the pure, the true, that clings
In spite of chill or check:
Oh, many give their precious things,
But it kept nothing back!
Yet we for well-springs of the heart,
Poured unto dust like rain,
When world's wealth could not purchase part
Of what was given in vain.
And some have borne the blast unbowed,
But sunk beneath the wave—
Even when the bow was in the cloud,
Or life-boat near to save:
Thus upon human skill and care
Some blight will still remain;
Then let us lay up treasures where
They are not heaped in vain.

F. B.

THE CAMDEN AND OTHER PICTURE COLLECTIONS.

National Gratitude never survives its object, but has so deep a sympathy with it that both always die together. When any nation confers a posthumous boon, whether statue, title, or deadweight pension, it is to perpetuate its own renown, and to secure itself successive recruits of able servants, which deserves the name of national pride, or self-interest, not at all of gratitude. We have heard some angelically simple persons suggest that the Camden pictures should have been made a national purchase, and a national present to the heirs of a nobleman who had returned fifty-fold its worth, his right, as Teller of the Exchequer, into the public coffers. Five or six thousand pounds would have done this handsome deed, double which sum, on an average, the late Marquess Camden surrendered per annum to his country for several years; and these simpletons above said come forward therefore with that tender suggestion. Primitive, unsophisticated creatures! Yarico's offspring by Yorick, without a touch of Inkle about them! Did they ever hear that Leviathan threw back upon Triton's three-pronged fork one of the little fish pitched into his fathomless maw by that officious servant? When did the "never-surfeited sea" give up anything substantial it had once ingurgitated? No people is a swinish multitude when real pearls are cast before it—no drag-net or diver can recover one of them, when the million-armed enormous polypus at the bottom of its stomach has once caught hold of such a prize. Britannia, grateful gentlewoman! would as soon think of repaying Marquess Camden's sacrifice with aught, save her precious tears (and, peradventure, no deluge of them), as a Jew apothecary's wife, of refreshing the sod over an old servant, with penny-royal water! Verily your national gratitude is a rich inheritance—a fine thing for any man's orphans to have a claim on: meantime let us hear what Marquess Camden left his descendants in the more tangible shape of pictures.

'A River-piece, with Cattle,' by *Cuyp*, 550 guineas: this seems an early work, in the artist's cold, stiff-impasted manner, before he had learned to mix and fuse and mellow his colours with sunshine. Two *Pasticcios*, or imitations in small, of Rubens's 'St. George,' and Paul Veronese's 'Finding of Moses,' by *Teniers*, who excelled as a copyist; these, however, retain enough of his own style to be called *Pasticcios* by the connoisseur, though deemed copies, or perhaps originals, by the uninitiated; 72 and 42 guineas. Two 'Monkey-pieces' by *ditto*. *Teniers* was fond of delineating such animals, but, we think, while he makes human beings droll than baboons, he hardly makes the latter so droll as they are in nature: 38 and 39 guineas. 'The Muscle-seller,' by *ditto*: which we would not give for a wilderness of such monkeys, 34 guineas. Three Landscapes by *ditto*; one containing Latona and the frog-faced Clowns, like a *Pasticcio* from the large Rubens at Munich; and one a wood and water scene of firm yet refined pencilling, and tone so deliciously cool as refreshed even the corner of a close auction-room, 40 and 111 guineas. 'Farm-yard,' by *ditto*, of monotonous oaken colour and rectilinear composition; 'Dutch Boors at backgammon,' the catalogue says "in his finest time," which would insinuate finest manner,—we doubted if either,—64 and 285 guineas. Thus it appears the small Camden collection comprised ten *Tenierses*, yet could not be considered strong in them. On the other hand, its solitary *Lingelback* was a tower of strength; it exhibited no tower, however, but a 'Hay-cart,' which might be called, after a fashion, the triumphal chariot of this artist. Its painting, or depainting (we want some word answerable to *il depingere* as distinct from *pingere*), save, perhaps, of the principal object, merits particular encomium for its soundness and solidity, 168 guineas. Also a landscape by *Asselyn*, 281 guineas, very superior to most of the works in England under his name. An admirable *Borgognone*, "speaking plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce," horses neighing hurricanes, and heroes looking as black as banditti, 57 guineas. A fine *Wilson*; the figures too large for a landscape, which therefore loses grandeur; and our old friends, the Temple of Tivoli, and luminous bulk-head of a rock, again enlisted to save expense of invention,

235 guineas. 'The original portrait of Hogarth,' by himself: a small foot-long whole sitting figure, with his easel and sketch of "Comedy" before him; in a light bronze, or mouse-skin tone, general treatment good enough, but much beneath that of his works at the National Gallery, 52 guineas. 'Portrait of a celebrated Cudgel-player,' by *ditto*; description *ditto*, or, rather, less favourable, 16½ guineas. 'Dutch Boor,' by inimitable *Brauer*, who had a richer vein of humour than *Teniers*, though not so fertile a genius, and was a sweeter colourist without the silvery tone, but 16 guineas, about the value of Toby Fillpot on a tasteful sign. Three or four genuine *Watteaus*, of which two are superlative; 'Women at work, with Children at play' is an exquisite combination of character, colour, and mechanism, 235 guineas; an 'Encampment' would be miraculous for spirited treatment and kaleidoscopic assemblage of brilliant hues, had Rubens never dazzled us with similar phenomena; this, a sketch, brought 39 guineas, which could be almost skimmed off its surface in golden and rubious layers. The other *Watteaus*, 48 and 96 guineas, did not seem to us remarkable: they, however, suggested a train of curious reflection, how the severe and simple style of the Greeks should approximate in any particular to the frittered, tawdry style of the French; how there could be any connecting bond between the greatest of all ancient renowned artists, and the most petit-maitre of all modern; how *Phidias* could be like *Watteau*! Yet thus it is; they have both the same very characteristic style of *cut-up* drapery, in particular if we consider the Panathenæan Procession as *Phidian*, neither which, nor the pedimental groups, had *Watteau*, perhaps, ever heard of. But so the end of art returns into the beginning, one extreme of taste into the other. Sir Joshua could perceive a sympathy of mind between *Michael Angelo* and *Jan Steen*: perhaps, indeed, there are no two nameable things without some tie between; a subtle logician would tell us that *something* and *nothing* are both species of the genus *thing*, and therefore akin. 'Portrait of an Elizabethan Lady,' by *Marc Gerrard*, a good specimen of this painstaking, oldfashioned style, the lace as if painted with a needle; Walpole would have given his best lace fill for a sight of it, and more than 14 guineas for itself. 'Dead Birds,' by *Fyt*, worth any living pair were they birds of paradise, but 15½ guineas. A diamond *Polemborg*, whose works in general we hold as Scotch pebbles, 24 guineas. An average *Wouwermans*, 155 guineas. 'A Family,' by *Gonzales*, good, though done too much in piece work, like a tableau of miniatures, 460 guineas, his works of these dimensions being rare. A landscape by *Salvator Rosa*: this appeared to us rather an imitation by one of his numerous apes, or we could suppose by *Zucarelli*, who found him more prized here than himself, and had an earthiness in his colouring like enough, though feeble, to *Rosa's*. Beyond doubt real *Salvators* are among the black swans of art, yet imagined as plenty as grey geese. While aware that the Camden picture is deemed genuine by professional judges, oracles of connoisseur-law, we cannot help suspecting it: those mountains look much too amiable and indolent for savage *Rosa*. Any person who has remarked his sublime hills in the Louvre 'Battle piece,' and the part they seem to take in that tremendous commotion,—rocking, toppling, yea leaning back as they would flee from such terrific slaughter,—will understand our critique. But one must have seen that picture, as well as the great Pitti landscapes, and *Salvator's* other undoubted productions on the Continent, to be of less easy faith respecting his presumed works in England. This, however, brought no more than 56 guineas, which proves we were not the only sceptics about it. 'The School,' by *Jan Steen*, is one of those comfortable pictures which give the merest novice assurance he does not throw away his ecstasies in admiring them: we forbear to enlarge, upon its merits, for they are Rialto talk. An apparent blemish, its scattered composition, might be defended better than the same fault in *Raffaello's* (or rather *Giulio's*) 'Battle of Constantine' at the Vatican; seeing that it reflects the real bewilderment of a village school-room when let run riot, while its deep general tone counteracts this confusion and lends the whole a proper unity. Mr. Pratt paid 400l. for it an age ago, at present it netted 1,040 guineas. Two smaller works, 'Itinerant Musi-

cians' and an 'Interior,' by this artist, brought 385 and 220 guineas, the latter sum too little, when as much would be given for a glittering teaboard from the Trafalgar-Square manufactory. *Christ Triumphant,' a sketch by Rubens, 42 guineas. A large landscape by ditto, one of the twenty engraved by Bolswert, and bearing transparent marks of Sir Peter's own hand, obtained but 171 guineas! Though its effect was somewhat heavier than we look for from Rubens, expecting even in a piece of whitewash by him dashes of his spirited genius, this very low price seemed whimsical; particularly as a smaller landscape with his name brought 275 guineas. On the whole, like most collections dispersed of late, the Camden may be said to have gone cheap: money appears scarce at present (for taste is always so), perhaps being needed at the Election in prospect. The only picture that sold far above its worth was a 'Holy Family' for 200 guineas, which did not exhibit even the feeble merit of Carlo Maratti.

On Wednesday, among a deal of rubbish shovelled off at Phillips', were two works of some note, an authentic *Morland* and an apocryphal *Vandyck*. 'The Country Alehouse Door' was painted in the King's Bench for Mr. Jones, the Marshal. It is large, and like all *Morlands*, largely but loosely, freely but superficially executed: in architectural phrase, it wants substructions, well-laid underwork to support the load above; its broad touches present the scales alone of a good painting, which cover no solid body within. We have never seen one square inch of sound pictorial art by *Morland*, and much doubt if any time or labour had given more depth to his facile productions. He was a rural painter, quite capable of improving the Signs throughout the country, which he often did, and embellishing alehouse parlours, or even squire-archal drawing-rooms: but few of his works evince loftier powers or pretensions. This sold for 195 guineas. The 'Abbe Scaglia' brought 140; *Vandyck's* original is in the Antwerp Museum; we had seen this counterfeit at Ghent, and found our note on it then was—"probably *Vanderhelst*:" it and several other works, sold the same day, were not long since bought from the much over-priced *Van Schamps* Collection by a Baronet, who seems to have been soon satiated with their beauties.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THOUGH political excitement and the coming elections had cast their shadows over the gaiety of London—though the sun would not shine, and the east wind would blow, and nippingly—the second meeting at the Horticultural Society's Gardens went off with great spirit, and more than 9,000 persons were present. The show of flowering shrubs was, perhaps, hardly equal to the last—nothing indeed could equal the splendour of the azaleas at the former meeting: still, on the whole, the display was most beautiful—the cacti and roses and heaths attracted especial attention, and were worthy of all admiration. While on the subject of these pleasant open-air amusements, we may advert to the Surrey Zoological Gardens, and the "unrivaled attraction" of the Model of Rome. Really, it is an exhibition well worth visiting. Even the fireworks are brought so effectively to light up the architectural scene, that we recommend all who propose to visit the gardens to go in the evening, at such an hour as will enable them to get a clear daylight view, and yet, without fatigue, to stay for "the *Girandola di S. Angelo*—"the fountains of blazing stars, the grand aerial bouquet, the igneous palm-tree, and the tremendous cascades of fire!!"—which are good enough in their way, to excuse a little magniloquence in the hand-bills.

We were startled a few weeks since by the announcement in a contemporary journal of the wonderful *Raffaels*, *Michaelangelos*, *Titians*, &c., which Mr. Bullock was reported to have found in the backwoods of America! We may now say, that they are indeed wonderful works for those masters, and just such *Raffaels*, &c. as might be expected to spring up in the backwoods of America. There is, however, a small genuine *triptych* by some Giottesque painter, though not Giotto—and a pretty other thing or two, worth no particular mention. Yes, a pair of battle-pieces, 'Naseby Fight,' it may be that by *Bordier* for General Fairfax as supposed, and another similar,

but of less name and interest: they are not ill-painted in a sketchy manner.

Letters from Copenhagen state, that Thorwaldsen had set out for Rome, in a steamer belonging to the royal navy, which the King had placed at his disposal. The illustrious sculptor had previously sent a note to the journals of the capital, announcing that the object of his voyage was merely to wind up his affairs in Italy, and bring home his collection of objects of art, for deposit in the Thorwaldsen Museum. He concludes by saying, that he expects to be back in the course of next year; and that, these matters arranged, he purposes to live and die in his native country.—Letters, of a subsequent date, from Berlin, announce the arrival of the great artist in that capital, on his route—and speak of a grand banquet which had been given by its body of artists to him and the Baron Desnoyers, at which the sculptor Rauch and the painter Cornelius presided.

The mention of Berlin reminds us that Mendelssohn is said to have accepted the royal invitation to settle there; and has been appointed second chapel-master to the court, with a salary of 3000 Thalers (432*l.*)—the first place in that department being already filled by Meyerbeer.—The latter composer's '*Huguenots*' has been put in rehearsal at the Grand Opera, in that metropolis, and awaits only the master's arrival to be produced to the public.—From Dresden, we learn that the wandering troop of dramatic adventurers whom *Mdlle. Georges* led into the East, has arrived in that city from Constantinople, and been engaged for three months, to perform three times a week.—From Munich, that the successful casting of the colossal bronze statue of Mozart, modelled by the celebrated sculptor Schwanthaler, for erection at Salzburg, the composer's native town, took place on the 23rd of last month, in the royal foundry of that city, in presence of an immense crowd of spectators, including several members of the royal family and other distinguished personages. On the occasion of breaking the mould, which was to take place in a few days, the members of the royal chapel band and the artists of the royal theatres at Munich were to give a grand concert, at the Odeon; in which, amongst other selected pieces, a cantata would be performed, adapted to the occasion, the words being set to vocal compositions by Mozart.

The reception of M. Victor Hugo into the Academy took place, on the 3rd inst., in presence of several members of the royal family, and an audience composed of the most illustrious in Parisian society,—drawn together in unwonted numbers by the curiosity attached to the long literary contest which the new Academician has maintained, and to this his final triumph. M. de Salvandy, the Chancellor of the body, replied to the discourse of the *récipiendaire*, and the usual compliments were exchanged, with more than the usual eloquence. M. Hugo's discourse was a highly coloured declamation, likely, we think, to be unsatisfactory to many of his friends—certainly to disappoint his admirers—but obviously intended to propitiate the assembly in which it was delivered,—and waiving the literary questions whose expected discussion, no doubt, swelled the numbers of the meeting, under cover of high-sounding (to an English ear *bombastic*) appeals to the national vanity. If the Paris public be not persuaded that the French Academy is the recognized temple, not of *French*, but of *European*, letters—to which all other literatures acknowledge their allegiance and refer their charters—it is no fault of M. Victor Hugo. The proceedings of an illustrious body like the French Academicians, will scarcely be enhanced, in the estimation of foreigners, by quackery like this. While on the subject of French letters, we may add a hint or two on matters connected with literature and art, which the journals of that nation supply.—M. Alexandre Le Noble has set out for Switzerland, on a tour of exploration among the monastic libraries of that country, for manuscripts (supposed to be numerous) throwing light on the history of France.—A bronze statue, by Marochetti, of the celebrated Count de Latour d'Auvergne, on whom Napoleon conferred the title of *Premier Grenadier de France*, and called by others the modern Bayard, has been exhibiting in the *Cour Royale* of the *Invalides*, preparatory to its removal to Carhaix, in the Finistère, the birth-place of this hero *sans peur et sans reproche*.

Great preparations are making at Carhaix, for its inauguration.—The King of the French has presented to the commune of Domremy a bronze copy of the Princess Marie's fine statue of the Maid of Orléans, with its pedestal in marble, as an additional embellishment to the monument erected to the heroine in her native village.—And, amongst a host of honours of which M. Ingres, since his return from Rome, has been the object, from his brother artists (the same royal patron of art having treated him with marked distinction) we may mention a medal which M. Farochon, a distinguished engraver, is striking in his honour, exhibiting a portrait of the artist and a suitable inscription.—While speaking of the honours and encouragement given to art by King Louis Philippe, we may add, that he has flattered the German love of all which is illustrious in the various departments of mind, by conferring the decoration of the Legion of Honour on the great sculptor of that nation, Rauch, and their learned linguist Grimm, recently attached to the university of Berlin.

In the midst of the distractions of the musical season, the German opera has been passed over during the last fortnight. But this, in part, has been the fault of the management, which, by its constant changes and postponements of performances announced, has twice frustrated our intentions of reporting on the new Dresden tenor, Herr Tichatschek. He has arrived *without* Madame Schröder Devrient: the lady, in place of appearing when promised, having put in a financial objection, based on the recollection of past money transactions. We shall do our best, however, to speak of Herr Tichatschek next week, as also of 'Robert le Diable.' How to reconcile the further promise of '*Les Huguenots*,' with the announcement of the approaching close of the season, is somewhat puzzling. Our contemporaries speak of the re-opening of the shilling concerts at Drury Lane, in the interim which must elapse ere Mr. Macready assumes the management. They talk, too, of Mr. Bunn undertaking the revival of the gay days of Vauxhall, when his duties at the German opera shall have ceased. In the meantime the success of *Mdlle. Rachel* has been so decisive as to lead M. Laporte to re-engage her for five nights. It would be a strange thing if, during her absence from the Rue Richelieu, her throne should be taken from her by a newer marvel. Some of the *feuilletonists*, we observe, are hinting at such a thing as not impossible, in announcing the approaching *début* of *Mdlle. Maxime*, with all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of the puff preliminary.

The French version of '*Der Freischütz*' at L'Académie Royale is described as being in every respect successful, though the tenor part sustained by M. Marié, and the bass part given to M. Bouché, have been only, as the name imports, in the keeping of second-rate performers. Madame Stolz was the heroine. A new opera, by M. Halévy, is in rehearsal there: a new ballet, written (is the word admissible?) by M. Theophile Gautier; and in the prolonged absence of *Mdlle. Fanny Elssler*, one *dansuse* after another is brought forward and dismissed into obscurity, as unworthy of the vacant throne. The last novelty was the promotion of *Mdlle. Dumiatre*. Altogether, at Paris, as in England, the present is a capital moment for any operative novelty.—While thus gossiping, we may mention that a private letter has reported to us great things of a new Italian composer who has appeared, however, on no wider arena than the Opera stage of Reggio. If there be in him a new Rossini, what a court-card would he prove for the new management of our Opera, which commences next season, if it has only the enterprize to secure his first services.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, FALL MALL.

The Gallery, with a Collection of Pictures from the Italian, Flemish, and Dutch Schools; also the works of the deceased English Artists, Sir J. Reynolds, Wilson, Gainsborough, Hogarth, and a Selection from the pencil of the late Thomas Stothard, Esq. R.A., will be opened on MONDAY next, the 21st instant, and continue open daily from Ten in the Morning till Six in the Evening. Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 1*s.*

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK,

JUST OPENED, with a New Exhibition, representing the Interior of the CATHEDRAL OF AUCH, in the South of France, and the SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY, at Bethlehem, taken from a sketch made on the spot by D. Roberts, R.A., in 1838, with various effects of light and shade. Both Pictures are painted by M. Renoux. Open from Ten till Five.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. (FIFTY-THREE, PAUL MALL, next the British Institution.) IS NOW OPEN, from 9 o'clock till dusk. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d. JAMES FAHEY, Sec.

THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, REGENT-STREET.—The First Exhibition of CARY'S DISSOLVING ORRERY, illuminated by the Oxyhydrogen Light, with 36 beautiful illustrations, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at a quarter-past two o'clock, and on the alternate Evenings at eight o'clock. THE DISSOLVING VIEWS, with appropriate Music, every Morning and Evening. The Lecture on BARWISE and HAIN'S ELECTRIC CLOCKS, and other Popular Lectures and Experiments. THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS, and numerous Works, which display eminent art, science, and industry. The Diver and Diving Bell. Open at Half-past Ten in the Morning, and Seven in the Evening. Admission, 1s.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

The following noblemen and gentlemen have been elected Fellows since our last report. Lord Montague, Earl de Grey, Lord Wrottesley, C. Woodward, Esq., the Rt. Hon. G. S. Byng, M.P., R. Liston, Esq., H. H. Spry, Esq., H. Davis, jun. Esq., the Rev. J. F. Denham, M.A., the Rev. J. Hoppus, L.L.D., H. G. Knight, Esq., M.P., Lieut.-Colonel T. Wood, M.P., the Earl of Carnarvon, and Ardaseer Cursetjee, Esq.

The following papers have been read:—

'On the proportions of the prevailing Winds, the mean Temperature, and depth of Rain in the climate of London, computed through a cycle of eighteen years, or periods of the Moon's Declination,' by L. Howard, Esq.—In this paper the author investigates the periodical variations of the winds, rain, and temperature, corresponding to the conditions of the moon's declination, in a manner similar to that he has already followed in the case of the barometrical variations, on a period of years extending from 1815 to 1832 inclusive. In each case he gives tables of the average quantities for each week, at the middle of which the moon is in the equator, or else has either attained its maximum north or south declination. He thus finds that a north-east wind is most promoted by the constant solar influence which causes it, when the moon is about the equator, going from north to south; that a south-east wind, in like manner, prevails most when the moon is proceeding to acquire a southern declination; that winds from the south and west blow more when the moon is in her mean degrees of declination, going either way, than with a full north or south declination; and that a north-west wind, the common summer and fair weather wind of the climate, affects, in like manner, the mean declination, in either direction, in preference to the north or south, and most when the moon is coming north. He finds the average annual depth of rain, falling in the neighbourhood of London, is 25.17 inches. From his observations on the temperature, he deduces the following conclusions:—1. That the pressure of an atmospheric tide, which attends the approach of the moon to these latitudes, raises the mean temperature 0.35 of a degree. 2. That the rarefaction under the moon in north declination lowers the temperature 0.13 of a degree. 3. That the northerly swell following the moon as she recedes to the south further cools the air 0.18 of a degree. 4. That this cold continues while the moon is away south, reducing the mean temperature yet lower by 0.04 of a degree.

'A new Method of solving Numerical Equations,' by Mr. T. Weddle, of Stamfordham.—The object of this paper is to develop a new and remarkably simple method of approximating to the real roots of numerical equations, which possesses several important advantages. After describing the nature of the transformations which are subsequently employed, the author proceeds to develop the process he uses for obtaining one of the roots of a numerical equation. Passing over the difficult question of determining the limits of the roots, he supposes the first significant figure (R) of a root to have been ascertained, and transforms the proposed equation into one whose roots are the roots of the original, divided

by this figure (or $\frac{x}{R}$): one root of this equation lying between 1 and 2, the first significant figure (r) of the decimal part is obtained, and the equation transformed into another whose roots are those of the former, divided by 1 + this decimal (or 1 + r). This last equation is again similarly transformed; these transformations being readily effected by the methods first given. Proceeding thus, the root of the original

equation is obtained in the form of a continued product. After applying this method to finding a root of an equation of the 4th, and likewise one of the 5th degree, the author applies it to a class of equations to which he considers it peculiarly adapted, namely, those in which several terms are wanting. One of these is of the 16th degree, having only six terms; and another is of the 622nd degree, having only four terms.

'Additional Note on the Contraction of Voluntary Muscles in the living body,' by W. Bowman, Esq.—This communication contains a short account of some recent examinations made by the author on the human muscular fibre affected by tetanus. The author is led from his observations to the conclusions,—1st, that the contraction of a muscle is the essential cause of its rupture; 2ndly, that there is no repellent force between the contractile elements of muscular fibre; and, lastly, that the contraction of voluntary muscle is not a sustained act of the whole congeries of contractile elements composing it, but a rapid series of partial acts, in which all duly share, becoming by turns contracted and relaxed.

'Investigation of a New and Simple Series, by which the Ratio of the Diameter of a Circle to its Circumference may easily be computed to any required degree of accuracy,' by W. Rutherford, Esq.—Among various formulæ for the rectification of the circle discovered by the author, he has found the one given in this paper to be that best fitted for computation: and he has been enabled by means of it, with comparatively little labour, to extend the number, expressing the ratio of the diameter to the circumference, to 208 places of decimals, a degree of accuracy hitherto unattainable, without a great amount of labour, by means of any of the series which have yet been employed. The celebrated series of Mr. John Machin, for the rectification of the circle, is derived from the formula

$$\frac{\pi}{4} = 4 \tan^{-1} \frac{1}{5} - \tan^{-1} \frac{1}{239},$$

which converges with considerable rapidity, but gives rise to tedious computations, in consequence of the divisor 239 being a prime number. But by converting the above formula into the following,

$$\frac{\pi}{4} = 4 \tan^{-1} \frac{1}{5} - \tan^{-1} \frac{1}{70} + \tan^{-1} \frac{1}{99},$$

a series is obtained by which the extended computation above mentioned was readily effected. The methods of computation are then stated in detail, and the resulting value of π is given to 208 places of decimals, which is presumed to be accurate to the last figure, the computations having been actually carried as far as 210 figures.

'On the Phenomena of thin plates of Solid and Fluid Substances exposed to polarized Light,' by Sir D. Brewster.—From a theoretical investigation of the phenomena described in this paper, the author deduces the important law, that when two polarized pencils, reflected from the surface of a thin plate, lying on a reflecting surface of a different refractive power, interfere, half an undulation is not lost, and white-centred rings are produced. When the inclination is exactly 90°, the pencils do not interfere, and no rings are produced.

'Meteorological Observations for August, September, and October, 1840, taken on board H.M.S. *Erebus* and *Terror*,' by and under the direction of Capt. James Clark Ross, R.N.

'Hourly Meteorological Observations made at Plymouth, in lat. 52° 36' 12", long. in time 6m 55s east, on the 22nd of March, 1841,' by A. Utting, Esq.

'Barometrical Observations taken at Naples at 9 A.M. on each day during the months of January and February, 1841,' by Sir Woodbine Parish.

'Memoir of the case of a gentleman born blind, and successfully operated upon in the eighteenth year of his age, with Physiological Observations and Experiments,' by J. C. August Franz, M.D.—The young gentleman who is the subject of this memoir had been affected from birth with strabismus of both eyes; the right eye was amaurotic, and the left deprived of sight by the opacity both of the crystalline lens and of its capsule. At the age of seventeen, an operation for the removal of the cataract of the left eye was performed by the author with complete success. On opening the eye for the first time, on the third day after the operation, the patient described

his visual perception as being that of an extensive field of light, in which everything appeared dull, confused, and in motion, and in which no object was distinguishable. On repeating the experiment two days afterwards, he described what he saw as a number of opaque watery spheres, which moved with the movements of the eye, but when the eye was at rest remained stationary, and their margins partially covering one another. Two days after this the same phenomena were observed, but the spheres were less opaque and somewhat transparent; their movements were more steady, and they appeared to cover each other more than before. He was now for the first time capable, as he said, of looking through these spheres, and of perceiving a difference, but merely a difference, in the surrounding objects. The appearance of spheres diminished daily; they became smaller, clearer, and more pellucid, allowed objects to be seen more distinctly, and disappeared entirely after two weeks. As soon as the sensibility of the retina had so far diminished as to allow the patient to view objects deliberately without pain, ribands differently coloured were presented to his eye. These different colours he could recognize with the exception of yellow and green, which he frequently confounded when apart, but could distinguish when both were before him at the same time. Of all colours, gray produced the most grateful sensation: red, orange, and yellow, though they excited pain, were not in themselves disagreeable; while the effect of violet and of brown was exactly the reverse, being very disagreeable, though not painful. Brown he called an ugly colour: black produced subjective colours; and white gave rise to a profusion of *musca volitantes*. When geometrical figures of different kinds were offered to his view, he succeeded in pointing them out correctly, although he never moved his hand directly and decidedly, but always as if feeling with the greatest caution. When a cube and a sphere were presented to him, after examining these bodies with great attention, he said that he saw a quadrangular and a circular figure, and after further consideration described the one as being a square, and the other a disc, but confessed that he had not been able to form these ideas until he perceived a sensation of what he saw in the points of his fingers, as if he really touched the objects. Subsequent experiments showed that he could not discriminate a solid body from a plane surface of similar shape; thus a pyramid placed before him, with one of its sides towards his eye, appeared as a plane triangle. Two months after the above-mentioned operation, another was performed on both eyes, for the cure of the congenital strabismus, by the division of the tendons of the recti interni muscles, which produced a very beneficial effect on the vision of the left eye; and even the right eye, which had been amaurotic, gained some power of perceiving light, and from being atrophied, became more prominent. Still it was only by slow degrees that the power of recognizing the true forms, magnitudes, and situations of external objects was acquired. In course of time the eye gained greater power of converging the rays of light, as was shown by the continually increasing capacity of distinct vision by the aid of spectacles of given powers.

'Catalogue of Geological Specimens procured from Kerguelen's Land during the months of May, June, and July, 1840.'

'Catalogue of Birds collected on board H.M.S. *Terror*, between the Cape of Good Hope and Van Diemen's Land.'

'Description of Plants from Kerguelen's Land, collected in May, June, and July, 1840.'

The above papers are by J. Robertson, Esq., Surgeon of H.M.S. *Terror*.

'On the Fossil Remains of Turtles discovered in the Chalk Formation of the South-East of England,' by G. A. Mantell, Esq.—In this paper the author gives a description, accompanied with drawings, of a remarkable fossil turtle, referable to the genus *Emys*, and named from its discoverer, Mr. Bensted, the *Emys Benstedii*, which has been lately found in a quarry of the lower chalk of Kent, at Burham, which is situated near the banks of the Medway, between Chatham and Maidstone. The specimen discovered consists of the carapace, or dorsal shell, six inches in length and nearly four inches in breadth, with some of the sternal plates, vertebrae, eight ribs

on each side plates, and adherent to the sternal to each of the impressions with which the expanded rib half of marginal plates of the species to in form to possessing The plate coracoid bones of n 'On the the descri Degrees K.H.—In Transacti opposition reflected which it is two porti complete has the st in an equi. T reasoning compose angles of equivalent in this light itse sphere, of rings between the aut direct sy disappe other si the light polariz and, co dergon receive planes: site pol tion, wh restore tion w In orde exper served author invent degree a Pol establish compe equal ization dent, transp suffer into a which less t whole but o polar pend then subje num 'I of co pecu Nutri obje siolo and blood anal anim exp

on each side of the dorsal ridge, a border of marginal plates, and one of the coracoid bones. It is adherent to a block of chalk by the external surface of the sternal plates. The marginal plates are joined to each other by finely indented sutures, and bear the impress of the horny scales or tortoise-shell, with which they were originally covered. The expanded ribs are united together throughout the proximal half of their length, and gradually taper to their marginal extremities, which are protected by the plates of the osseous border. Mr. Bell considers the species to which it belonged as being closely allied in form to the common European Emys, and as possessing a truly fluviatile or lacustrine character. The plates of the plastron, however, as also the coracoid bone, resemble more the corresponding bones of marine than of freshwater turtles.

'On the Compensations of Polarized Light, with the description of a Polarimeter for Measuring Degrees of Polarization,' by Sir David Brewster, K.H.—In four papers published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1830, the author maintained, in opposition to the prevailing theory, that light either reflected or refracted at angles different from that at which it is completely polarized, does not consist of two portions, one completely polarized, and the other completely unpolarized, but that every portion of it has the same physical property, having approximated in an equal degree to the state of complete polarization. This conclusion, which had been derived from reasoning on the hypothesis that a pencil of light, composed of two pencils polarized respectively at angles of $+$ and -45° with the plane of reflexion, was equivalent to a pencil of common light, is confirmed in this paper by experiment, made with common light itself, reflected from different parts of the atmosphere, and from which the uniaxial or biaxial systems of rings were obtained. On placing such a system between light partially polarized in an opposite plane, the author found that the rings disappeared, the direct system being seen on one side of the plane of disappearance, and the complementary system on the other side. In this experiment the polarization of the light in one plane was compensated by the polarization of the same light in the opposite plane; and, consequently, both the pencils, which had undergone the two successive polarizing actions, had received the same degree of polarization in opposite planes; and in virtue of these two equal and opposite polarizations, the light at the point of compensation, where the system of rings disappeared, had been restored from partially polarized to common light; and the light on each side of this point of compensation was in opposite states of partial polarization. In order to give a distinct view of the nature of this experiment, the author details the phenomena observed at particular angles of incidence on glass. The author then describes an instrument which he has invented for the purpose of accurately measuring the degrees of polarization, and which he therefore terms a *Polarimeter*. The following is the general law established by these researches; namely, that the compensations of polarized light are produced by equal and opposite rotations of the planes of polarization. Thus, when a ray of common light is incident, at any angle, upon the polished surface of a transparent body, the whole of the reflected pencil suffers a physical change, bringing it more or less into a state of complete polarization, in virtue of which change its planes of polarization are more or less turned into the plane of reflexion; while the whole of the refracted pencil has suffered a similar, but opposite change, in virtue of which its planes of polarization are turned more or less into a plane perpendicular to the plane of reflexion. The author then enters into a theoretical investigation of the subject, and concludes by pointing out a few of the numerous applications of his theory.

*Researches tending to prove the Non-vascularity of certain Animal Tissues, and to demonstrate the peculiar uniform mode of their Organization and Nutrition,' by Joseph Toynbee, Esq.—Mr. Toynbee's object has been to establish as a law in animal physiology, that tissues are capable of being nourished, and of increasing in size, without the presence of blood-vessels within their substance. He shows the analogy which is presented between the extra-vascular animal and the extra-vascular vegetable tissues. He expresses a hope that the application to surgery of

the above law, with reference to the prolongation of blood-vessels into the extra-vascular tissues during disease, and to pathology in the investigation of the nature of morbid structures, particularly of those classes which contain no blood-vessels, will be not devoid of interest, and will be productive of some advantage.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

May 14.—The President, Lord Wrottesley, in the chair.

S. M. Drach, Esq., the Rev. J. Wright, and J. Glashier, Esq., of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, were elected Fellows.

The following communications were read:—

1. 'Description of a Dioptric Telescope, and of a Micrometrical Lunette,' by M. Chevalier, trans. by R. W. Rothman, Esq.—The dioptric telescope constructed and described by M. Chevalier differs from other telescopes chiefly in the arrangement of the object-glass. The chief advantage derived from this construction is the great diminution of spherical aberration, and, consequently, the power of increasing the aperture of the telescope with the same focal distance. The author's micrometrical lunette consists of a telescope bent at right angles, in the manner of a Newtonian reflector, carrying a sight on the object-end and a small perforated mirror on the eye-piece, which combination permits the observer to see at once, and with the same eye, an object at a fixed distance, and the image of the object produced by the telescope. He considers his micrometer as particularly applicable to geodetic operations, and suitable for the purposes of the surveyor as well as of the astronomer.

2. 'Observations of the Aurora Borealis,' by R. Snow, Esq.—In this paper Mr. Snow records his observations of this interesting phenomenon made at Ashurst and Dulwich, from the autumn of the year 1834 to the autumn of 1839, within which period several remarkable auroræ appeared. The author deduces from his observations the following invariable circumstances of the phenomenon:—That the aurora may be expected at any season of the year; that it assumes nearly every variety of colour; that it resembles both in shape and motion every variety of ordinary cloud; that its appearances are, in the course of the same evening and without any determinate order, undulating, radiating, and streaming, with other capricious forms not easily expressible; that the length of time during which it is visible is very uncertain; that it appears to the eye (geometrical considerations apart) as if it existed at various distances from the earth's surface; that, although for the most part it is not influenced by the presence of clouds, it occasionally tinges them with its own prevailing colours; that this has been noticed only when the clouds are low; that there are also certain *lofty cirrus* clouds, which have the appearance of arranging themselves in peculiar bands or strata, as if in connexion with the aurora; that these strata are visible during daylight, when the visibility of the dark portion of the arch has sometimes been strongly suspected; that the stars are seen both well and ill defined through the auroral light and the auroral darkness; that it is by no means confined to the northern regions of the sky, though originating about the magnetic north; that, with the exception of a diminution of its general effect, it is uninfluenced by moonlight; that its appearance generally accompanies weather the reverse of frost, such as heavy wind and rain; and, lastly, that it is wholly inaudible. The author concludes by warning the spectators of these phenomena against the false impressions to which the senses are liable, especially with regard to the sensation of heat and the notion of sound, as attending phenomena in which our idea of either of these qualities has been predominantly awakened.

3. 'Mean Positions of the Stars mentioned in Mr. Bailly's Address to Observers, determined at San Fernando in the years 1834, 1835, 1836, 1837, and 1838,' by M. Montojo. Translated by Captain Shirreff, R.N.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—June 4.—J. Reynolds, Esq. Treasurer, in the chair. Dr. Killikelly (of Indiana) presented a specimen of *Tillandsia Usneoides* from the banks of the Mississippi.—Dr. Lhotsky read a paper 'On the periodical Decortication of the Genus *Eucalyptus* in Australia.' After describing the appearance of the bark hanging in strips from the

trunks and branches of the *Eucalypte*, Dr. Lhotsky observed, that in addition to this singular effect, the varying colour from pure white, through all shades to the deep red of the denuded trunks and branches, presents an equally original and characteristic aspect. Little is yet known as to the period of decortication, and the questions to be determined by future observers are, first, whether the decortication of the different species of *Eucalypte* takes place at any certain season, or is it dependent on other circumstances? and secondly, whether all the species decorticate at the same period, or different species at different times. The cause of a phenomenon apparent in so great a number of a genus scattered most widely over the Australian continent is matter of importance for Physical Geography and for Botany especially. And Dr. Lhotsky thinks a clue towards its explanation may be obtained through that botanical axiom, that the concentric layers of the wood and bark are the reverse of each other, the former increasing externally, the other internally. As exogenous plants (like the *Eucalypte*), increase by annual additions of new matter on their outside, it is plausible to say that, as the growth of the *Eucalypte* is almost in all species very rapid, the albumen of these trees extends so rapidly, that the liber becomes first considerably distended, then cracks, and finally separates from the trunk. The New Hollander has lately taken advantage of this phenomenon. The huts, or rather sheds, they occupy temporarily, are made of the bark of the *Eucalypte*. On this they repose and protect themselves from the humidity of the soil, and also make their rude canoes, with which, however, they only navigate the lakes. They bind them in an adequate manner, and fill up the crevices with soil and melted gum. As the New Hollander possesses no flint and steel, and as he finds it difficult to produce fire, he carries with him, on his aquatic hunting excursions, a piece of an ignited branch of an *Eucalyptus*, which, from its resinous nature, burns like a torch.

MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.—May 26.—R. Owen, Esq., in the chair.—A paper by Dr. Haro, of Metz, 'On certain Products of Animal Infusoria,' was read.—The author, after detailing his observations upon the products of infusions of different animal matters obtained under a variety of circumstances, arrives at the following conclusions:—That air is not in all cases the vehicle of the germs of true animalcules.—That substances in a state of putrefaction contain them only when in contact with other substances in which they already exist. That the decomposition of animal matter simply gives birth to rudimentary species—Vibrios and Monads—the animal nature of which is denied; and that, if true animalcules are observed, they can have their origin only in some extraneous source; and lastly, that other substances observed are merely crystalline atoms which are detached from organized bodies under decomposition, and put in motion by electrical forces, until, by their aggregation, they assume crystalline forms peculiar to the substances from which they are derived.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Asiatic Society	Two, P.M.
MON.	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight.
	Institute of British Architects	Eight.
TUES.	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight.
	Zoological Society	Eight.
WED.	Microscopical Society	Eight.
THUR.	Royal Society of Literature	Four.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The revival of 'Semi-ramide,' on Saturday evening, was one of the most deservedly successful performances we ever recollect in the Italian Opera House. The music, which was thought on its first production to be a ponderous *refacimento* of many of its composer's more happily expressed ideas, asserted itself as magnificent in its brilliancy, surprising in its freshness, and striking in its dramatic force, when compared with the diluted 'Faustas,' and 'Lucrezia Borgias,' of the newest school. Then Grisi, whose former personifications of the Babylonian queen had wanted dignity in action, and solid grandeur in musical execution—seemed (if the figure may be allowed) to have raised herself a head taller in artistic stature for the occa-

sion; and sustained the whole burden of the arduous character with the queenly command of matured intelligence and personal charms—and the brilliant affluence of a voice well-nigh as fresh, we fancied, as on the evening when she first took London captive in 'La Gazza Ladra.' But the novelty of the evening was the *Arsace* of Madame Viardot-Garcia. Musically, this left nothing to be desired. Her reading was original, but not too original (there is such a thing as *bizarrie* of cadence which disturbs and surprises, rather than enchants, as all acquainted with the Garcia family must know)—her action was easy and unembarrassed, and her appearance as good as can be made by any one compelled to wear a dress so unbecoming. But, in compliance with niggardly Nature, being unable to execute the part with the force it demands—she went through it with a delicacy which, though intrinsically charming, deprived it in some measure of its male character. Nothing however, could be more exquisite than her passages *à due* with Grisi. She repeated the part, too, on Tuesday, with some increase of energy. Tamburini's *Assur*, is, as it always was, his very best part: the pompous brilliancy of Rossini has never found a more highly intelligent and richly cultivated interpreter. Signor Flavio was agreeable and certain as *Idreno*: in short, the cast would have been perfect, with the addition of a respectable *Oroe*; the orchestra and chorus being in their very best order; and the military band on the stage, for a wonder, in perfect tune. *Mdlle. Cerito* has been doing her utmost to take possession of Tagliani's great character *La Sylphide*, or rather to create it anew, by the introduction of a complete set of new *pas*: in this avoiding rivalry, and wisely. For though she is pretty, agile—and only twenty—the poetry of Tagliani and the wit of Ellsler are alike wanting to her performance: and let the — and the — box applaud her as they will, she is but, at present, a *danseuse* of the second class.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—*M. Liszt*.—The English may be "slow to move," as the author of 'De Vere' phrases it; but they are not perverse, nor, we believe, unjust in the long run. As a musical illustration to this text, we have but to point to the career of *M. Liszt*. He came among us as a wonder—and some of the graver musicians, repelled by such reputation, set themselves, in the first instance, to magnify his individualities into extravagancies, ere they had time to discover whether or not they had ought to rest upon by way of basis. Hence arose criticisms of a wider discrepancy than we remember in the case of any other artist. Of the result we had no doubt: we were sure that *M. Liszt's* successes were not *meteoric*; that the utmost amount of singularity—or call it even caprice—allowed for, there remained an affluence of poetical genius, and a treasury of knowledge, mechanical and theoretical, the extent of which could only disclose itself during a long-continued intercourse and experience. The existence of this is now, with homeopathically small exceptions, universally admitted. In spite of the Horticultural Fête, the attendance at *M. Liszt's* *matinée* on Saturday was numerous and distinguished. In spite of a weakness in the left hand, which, with any one else would have amounted to disqualification, his performance left all other pianoforte performance far behind it, and so excited and enthralled his audience, that but one out of twenty, we are sure, were aware that he was playing with scarcely three quarters of his usual power. A part of his *programme*, calling for exertions beyond his reach, was necessarily sacrificed, and supplied, at a moment's warning, by the singing of Mademoiselle Löwe and Herr Staudigl, with a hearty zeal, for which both artists ought to "count one" in the good graces of the public. As to the rest, in a piece of playing, one half improvisation, he combined such themes and snatches of his compositions as were within his grasp, with a grace, fancy, and execution so rare, that it was hardly possible to conceive that anything was lost, or could have been superadded. His mechanical attributes have assuredly ripened since last year: there is less, if we may say it, of fever in his playing; and this is one reason why his intense feeling, and the poetical conception which animates every note, tell more universally than they did a twelvemonth ago. The

classicists, again, must have had a convincing proof of the soundness of his attainments, by his amazing performance of Hummel's Septuor, at the Philharmonic Concert on Monday evening. This was played from memory—an effort prodigious enough, with any one else, to have absorbed all that animation, and force, and brilliancy, which must belong to the moment's enthusiasm, or they become formal and fatiguing. Yet, so far from this being the case, the artist was never more at his ease in the most whimsical drollery thrown off on the spur of the moment, than when infusing a new vigour of life and vividness of character into Hummel's fine solid composition, and enough cannot be said of his performance, without praise trenching upon the boundaries of extravagance. The reception given to it by the audience, will, we hope, open a way to our hearing other master works of the classical composers for the pianoforte, rendered with a like splendour by the same matchless interpreter.

Few are the signs of slackening among the benefit entertainments. At some of them, too, strange to say, the crowd assembled has (with Madame Dorus-Gras) been the chief feature. At *Mrs. W. Seguin's* and *Miss Bruce Wyatt's*, for instance, while nothing short of a battering-ram could have forced a way into the room when we arrived, the programme was but *Lenten* as regarded the quality of entertainment, which so overflowing an audience might have expected. We have elsewhere spoken of the interest given by *M. Liszt* to the eighth *Philharmonic Concert*; but, for those who are not troubled by vain longings for novelty, the programme was otherwise excellent, since Beethoven's Symphony in D, and the incomparable overture to 'Der Freischütz,' went their very best, under the conduct of Mr. Moscheles. In the second act, *M. Vieuxtemps* led the quintet of Beethoven with *L'Orage finale*. The principal lady singers were Madame Dorus-Gras and *Mdlle. Löwe*. The former's 'Va, dit-elle,' from 'Robert,' is one of the most superb pieces of singing on record. In the second act, an attempt was made to give the subscribers an idea of her *entrata* in 'Les Huguenots,' where a long, and not very original *aria d'agitata*, is in part effectively accompanied by three female voices, as well as harp *obbligato*. This belongs to a full-dressed scene in the gardens of Chenonceau, and, as a court *bravura* sung by a queen, is, on the stage, very showy and effective. In the Philharmonic orchestra it was less so: the poorness of the original idea was evident when it was stripped of scenic accessories, and the nicety of construction was, to a certain measure, lost by the coarseness of execution. The band would not play delicately, or delicately take up the small passages of reply and imitation, which, following without overpowering the voice of the singer, produce such a happy effect at L'Académie Royale. The maids of honour to Madame Dorus-Gras—the Misses Williams and Miss Dolby—seemed resolved to be each of them a queen in her own right, to judge from the loudness of their self-assertion. The Concert was well attended; but it remains to be seen how far the remembrance thereof will operate upon the subscription list of next season.

The concert of *Signor F. Lablache*, on Wednesday morning, was as brilliant an Italian concert, with pianoforte accompaniment, as could be given. Almost all the singers, adventured something new;—Madame Viardot-Garcia the rondo, by Benedict and De Beriot, written for her sister, and so splendidly as to deserve her *encore*; the *bénéficiaire* a very droll duet, from Paer's 'Maître de Chapelle,' with Madame Dorus-Gras; Madame Persiani a *buffo* duet, from 'Il Turco,' with Lablache, which we hope is to be regarded as the promise of a revival of that pretty opera; and Signor Mario, Schubert's 'Ave Maria' transposed. But the singing was as near what the reality should be, as the French poem, to which that exquisite prayer has been set, is to the 'Ave' from the 'Lady of the Lake,' for which the music was originally written. Another novelty, after the fashion of the day, was a graceful pastoral quartet by Signor Costa, sung in chorus by all the singers.—In the evening, while the *Società Armonica* was holding its last meeting but one, with Madame Dorus-Gras and Signor Mario as its chief stars, and no orchestral novelty claiming report, we were hearing the peculiarly good pianoforte-playing of *Mr. Frederic Williams* at his own concert, given to introduce him to the

public. He exhibited his powers in music of every style,—performing a sonata of Beethoven's, with violin accompaniment, a quintet by Hummel, some of the characteristic studies of Moscheles, and Thalberg's Huguenot fantasia. We have not often heard so young a performer with more mastery over his instrument, nor from many English musicians of any age so many promises of style.

HAYMARKET.—So little were we prepared for the welcome instance of punctuality in the production of 'the new comedy,' as it is courteously called, 'Bel-ford Castle, or the Scottish Gold-mine,' on the very night for which it was first announced, that we only received the intimation in the bills as a hint thrown out into the paulo-post-futurum tense, that such a piece was in preparation, which might probably appear in the following week; and hence it escaped our notice at the moment best suited to its temporary interests, as one of those fleeting things which contribute to give the semblance of novelty and variety to theatrical amusements. It is the handiwork of that experienced craftsman of the stage, Mr. Lunn, who has measured Mr. Maywood for a plaid suit, cut after the fashion of Macklin's *Sir Pertinax*, but of homespun instead of silk, as becoming the sturdy independence of Mr. Muckle, a Scottish 'Brother Cheeryble,' and, in all but his wealth and brogue, the very opposite of the 'man of the world.' Mr. Maywood's Scotch accent is probably genuine enough, and he makes the most of it; though we would hint to him, since this appears to be a very principal ingredient in his personation, that a little variety of intonation would be an acceptable improvement. The exemplary persons in this "golden age" drama, present an edifying contrast to the grim characters in the melodrama of which *Mdlle. Celeste* is the heroine: it is like reading a page of 'Jack Sheppard' after one from 'L'Ami des Enfants.' The 'Scottish Gold-mine,' has a vein of such exceeding generosity running through his composition, that one wonders how he managed to amass the quantity of ore that he scatters with such profuse liberality.

Mr. C. Kean and Miss E. Tree continue to repeat the parts in which they have appeared together this season, but their re-engagement is for six nights only.

MISCELLANEA

The Punjab.—By letters received from Dr. T. Thomson, son of Prof. Thomson, of Glasgow, who has the medical charge of a Kafilah of 4000 persons now crossing the Punjab, we learn that the country is more quiet than is usually represented. The station of Ferozepore is stated to be a miserable place, in respect to accommodation, 400 to 600 rupees being the price of a wretched mud hovel. The climate, however, is exceedingly dry and healthy. The Kafilah including five regiments, the blind father and the family of Shah Soojah el Malek, left Ferozepore on the 30th March, and by last accounts had reached to within fifteen miles of Lahore without interruption on the 8th of April. The country throughout this tract is similar to that on the eastern side of the Sutlej. "It is flat, and in a great measure uncultivated, being covered with a low jungle, consisting of acacias, &c., although where there is cultivation the crops are very rich. The barley," he observes, "is now partly ripe and in process of being cut, but much of it is still green." The convoy expected to reach Peshawar about the 10th of May.

Edmund Spenser.—The literary world will be glad to learn that the locality of the family of the illustrious author of 'The Faery Queen' has been ascertained. Mr. F. F. Spenser, of Halifax, in making some researches into the ancient residence of his own family, has been fortunate in identifying it with that of the great Elizabethan bard, and we are informed is about to lay the particulars before the public. The little rural village of Hurstwood, near Burnley, in Lancashire, is the honoured locality, and in the romantic Alpine scenery of that neighbourhood it is probable Spenser took refuge, when he was driven, by academical disappointments, "to his relations in the north of England." The family of that great poet appear to have resided at Hurstwood about 400 years—that is, from the early part of the reign of Edward II. to the year 1690.—*Leeds paper.*

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